New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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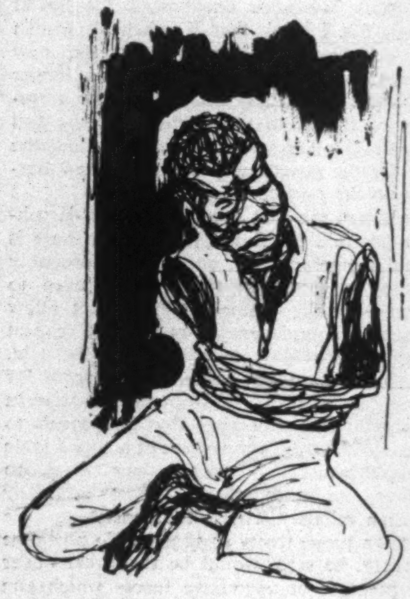

ANGOLA 1961
The Factual Record
by Basil Davidson

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Critic's London Diary

★

NORMAN BENTWICH
Israel's Afro-Asian
Dilemma

★

C. P. SNOW
Miasma, Darkness
and Torpidity

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Death of a Music?

John Bull's Other Portugal

As the western powers take their stand for free elections and re-unification in Germany, in her own back-yard Britain has this week been busily shoring up a regime which mocks every democratic pretension that she makes. The Royal visit to Ulster has, of course, produced the usual patriotic pageantry: but behind it lies a land in which elections are a mockery of freedom, in which re-unification is a forbidden subject, and in which the Royal Ulster Constabulary (with its 12,000 reserve of Special Constables) exercises most of the powers of a People's Police.

It was, no doubt, unfortunate for the Palace and its advisers that only four days before the Queen arrived Lord Brookeborough should have baldly announced that in Northern Ireland there was 'only room for one party'. His remark was, in fact, all the more extraordinary as, since 1958, the Stormont Parliament has had a 'loyal opposition' in the shape of four Labour members. Yet Ulster's Prime Minister for the past 18 years was probably doing no more than to tell the truth as he and his party have seen it ever since the Six Counties were amputated from the body of the Irish nation in 1921.

To underpin their rule they still have behind them a Special Powers Act permitting imprisonment without trial and search without warrant. But their repression is not only religious and nationalistic. It is also economic. With an average unemployment figure over the past ten years approaching 9 per cent, the Northern Ireland government still refuses to recognise the Irish Congress of Trade Unions. It has only in the last three years been brought to repeal the majority of provisions in the Trade Disputes Act of 1927. Even today every trade unionist in Ulster who wishes to affiliate to the Northern Ireland Labour Party has to contract in rather than out.

From all this, of course, the Conservative Party at Westminster gets its reward in the regular return of a dozen docile Ulster members – even if some of them, as in the last parliament, have to be sent to London by a ruling of an Ulster court. That a Conservative government should remain relatively unconcerned about Ulster and its mounting troubles need not be a cause for surprise; so long as it can count on unfailing loyalty in the lobbies it would be foolish to betray anything except complacency.

The Labour Party's attitude, however, remains a matter for greater astonishment. For years it has turned a blind eye to the libertarian issues. Its hands have been partly tied by the Labour government's reversal of traditional party policy when it guaranteed, under the Ireland Act of 1949, that Ulster should never cease to be a part of the United Kingdom without the consent of the Northern Ireland parliament. But now that Ulster finds itself faced with an economic collapse the Labour Party should re-open the issue.

For Lord Brookeborough has failed even the basic test. He has been quite unable to provide economic stability at the price of a limitation of political liberty. Boundaries may have been gerrymandered, housing and the police often transformed into instruments of party politics, but all this has done nothing to prevent Northern Ireland remaining Britain's Tobacco Road.

Now the crisis is imminent. Ulster's linen industry is unlikely to survive competition from the Common Market; its agriculture is further away than ever from recovering from the shock of losing its war-time favoured position; and its Belfast shipyards (without even a dry dock) are vainly competing with the claims of the Mersey and the Clyde. If something more than the morale boost of a Royal visit has eventually to be done for Ulster, the Labour Party should start thinking now. It could even do worse than to ponder the words of the Irish Premier, Mr Sean Lemass, that the challenge presented to the whole of Ireland by the entry of both its halves into the Common Market might well provide an occasion for 'a re-examination of all the circumstances which have been keeping the Irish nation divided.'

Comments on the Week's News

New York

Hot Air

ROBERT BENDINER *writes*: The dog-days of August are beginning to show effects on Capitol Hill of a sort that makes a President glad to have Congress go home. The hijacking of a passenger airplane in Texas raised the martial fever of members to a degree untouched since Pearl Harbour. Early press reports had it that the culprits were Cubans, and before the anti-climatic word reached Washington that they were in fact a paroled Arizona robber and his teen-age son, congressional bugles were being sounded for another charge up San Juan Hill. The seizure of an Eastern Airlines plane by a real Cuban only nine days before made easy the assumption that Castro had embarked on a campaign of piracy in the skies, but the embarrassment, not to say the danger, of leaping to such conclusions may be seen in the rhetoric it immediately produced. Here are a few choice examples, drawn at random from the day's proceedings in the Senate:

KEATING (*Republican*, N.Y.): Mr President, it is about time for us to take definite action, with the OAS or unilaterally, to put a stop to this international piracy and as soon as possible also to cut out the root of infection – the Communist regime of Fidel Castro . . .

YARBOROUGH (*Democrat*, Texas): I recommend an embargo and blockade be imposed on Communist Castro, and that all means of transport entering Cuba be stopped and searched for war material and anti-American propaganda . . .

DIRKSEN (*R.*, Ill.): The time for polite diplomacy, the time for any Fabian policy is gone . . . we lost a precious opportunity in connection with the pirating of a plane last week, when an ultimatum was not served on Mr Castro forthwith.

ENGLE (*D.*, Cal.): If Cubans who engage in such actions act on a conspiratorial basis, with aid by the Cuban Government . . . that amounts to an act of war, does it not?

BRIDGES (*R.*, N.H.): It certainly does . . .

So it went in the temperate Senate, sometimes described as 'the greatest deliberative body in the world'. Debate in the House of Representatives showed less restraint.

WILLIAMS (*D.*, Miss.): I would urge the President to issue an ultimatum to Castro demanding, first, that he order these hoodlums at El Paso to release the passengers, crew and aircraft immediately; and, secondly, that Castro return the Electra highjacked several days ago . . . The American people are fed up with Castro, and I am certain that they support any action that might be necessary, even to the extent of using the armed forces . . .

MACGREGOR (*R.*, Minn.): . . . establish a free government within Cuba truly representative of the Cuban people, with governmental leaders transported to Cuba by parachute, surface ship, or submarine; and . . . extend diplomatic recognition to that free government and give it the military assistance it needs to eliminate Communism . . .

Then came the news that the closest connection the highjackers had with Castro was the father's alleged visit to the Cuban embassy in Mexico last January and an expressed desire to go to Cuba to live. Perhaps he hoped to collect a reward for the jetliner when he got it to Havana, and perhaps he merely acted out of a convict's revenge for years spent in jail. In any case there was little left in the story to warrant the extravagant war talk that had poured out, all of it punctuated by emotional applause. Senator Monroney of Oklahoma must have had this in mind when he paid tribute to President Kennedy's firm but calm handling of the affair. 'I think that the President is due great credit for his coolheadedness,' he said, 'at a time when people were quite hysterical.' Fortunately the facts in this case were quickly forthcoming. When they are harder to get at, and the consequences of a mistake far graver, the hope is that the air-cooled White House will again withstand the heat flowing up Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol.

Moscow

Calculated Alarm

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Mr Krushchev, I think, was speaking primarily to his own people on Monday, and this may explain two features of his speech which sounded highly disturbing. First, though he made a conventional appeal for negotiations, he did not – as some thought he might – propose a time and place for a conference. Secondly, he attributed such motives to the West that any concession the western powers might make to the Soviet viewpoint could look only like ignominous defeat.

Again and again Krushchev accused the 'imperialists' of not having abandoned the idea of an armed struggle against Socialism; the western states, he said, were building up their forces for war, and wanted nothing less than to impose their will on countries of the 'Socialist camp'. Finally, they were mobilising West Germany in preparation for a third world war. This picture of the 'capitalist powers' is far more like that with which the Russians became familiar in the Thirties than that of the remaining elements of the capitalist system with which they have so recently been told that they can co-exist and peacefully compete.

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Some Russians, at least, are now asking each other whether negotiations are possible with such inveterate enemies of the Soviet Union. But I think that Krushchev's speech was clearly intended to justify the new defence measures – which include a longer working day in defence industries, the movement of troops to the western borders and the call-up of reservists – and thus clear the way for the government to impose new burdens on the public.

This was the first speech in which Krushchev has told the Soviet people that there is a real danger of war, and he was probably opening a campaign to arouse – even to alarm – public opinion. 'We cannot allow ourselves complacency, we cannot expect everything to blow over by itself', he said. Krushchev no doubt has his own reasons for attributing such evil intentions to the western powers at the same time that he appeals to them 'to clear the atmosphere at a round table conference'. He went to some pains to answer the question uppermost in many Russian minds – why is the conclusion of a German peace treaty so urgent? To postpone a treaty, he said, would be to retreat under the pressure of aggressive forces which aim to make West Germany the main force for unleashing the third world war.

His picture of a revanchist, militarised Germany is naturally one that Russians will readily accept, and by evoking it he greatly simplifies his task of mobilising Soviet opinion for a new arms race. But there is also much in western policy that makes it relatively easy for him to rally support. How else can the West's reluctance to recognise the Ulbricht regime be interpreted by Russians than as evidence of a desire to upset the status quo throughout central Europe?

Laos

Conference in Stalemate

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes*: In Geneva the 14-nation conference on Laos plods wearily through a maze of procedure, formula hunting and double-talk. The co-chairmen, Mr Malcolm MacDonald and Mr Pushkin, have shown plenty of patience but they cannot give any sustained leadership. They move together for a few paces and then their paths divide as the Sino-Soviet group proposes some formula which the western group rejects or vice-versa. India, which is chairman of the International Control Commission in Laos, has made helpful contributions, but these drafts get bogged down in some confusion of procedure (real or provoked). The Chinese make no secret of their policy. As the *Peoples Daily* correspondent described it: 'the 1954 Geneva Conference put an end to the rule of the old French colonialists in Indo-China. The 1961 Geneva Conference rings the knell for the new US colonialists' intervention in Laos. The United States, which has taken the place of France, shares the same fate'.

Thus the issue of Laotian neutrality, which is ostensibly the objective of the Conference, is translated into terms of 'cold war' strategy, and the Sino-Soviet group regards it as a means of withdrawing from Laos the 'protective umbrella' which Seato, unasked, put up over this strategically placed kingdom. The French military mission in Laos, allowed under the 1954 Geneva declaration, is described as a threat to Laotian sovereignty. For the moment this thorny issue has been sidestepped on the grounds that a future coalition government would alone have the right to settle it. But the Sino-Soviet group stands firm on the need to abrogate Seato. British, American and French delegates insist that it is a defensive treaty.

Meanwhile, a national coalition government in Laos seems as remote as ever. Prince Souvanna Phouma, the neutralist whose cooperation is indispensable, showed signs of impatience this week when once again he suspected that the chief aim of the Boun Oum anti-Communist group was to trap him into a government without the Pathet Lao.

Talks in Geneva and in Pnom Penh, the Cambodian capital, have so far proved indecisive, but over the frontiers, in South Vietnam, the United States has made the important decision to defend this area at all costs. Vice-President Lyndon Johnson's pledges of increased help to Ngo Dinh Diem are already in process of fulfilment, not only in tremendously increased military and economic aid, but with funds to increase Vietnamese troops.

Ottawa

New Democrats

A Correspondent in Ottawa writes: The 1,700 delegates to the founding convention of the New Party had to accomplish three tasks: to choose a leader, a name and a programme. The first, as had been expected, was a choice between T. C. Douglas, the premier of Saskatchewan, and Hazon Argue, the young leader of the nine CCF members of the federal parliament, who was supported by the left-wing minority. Despite persistent attempts to win support for Argue during the first three days, including a nominating session that looked like an American presidential convention, complete with TV cameras, banners, demonstrations and confetti, the issue was never in doubt. Tommy Douglas was elected leader by a four-to-one majority. A former Baptist minister, a remarkable and humorous speaker, and a man with an excellent administrative record behind him, he is the only active CCF leader with a national reputation who has consistently won elections.

The voting was closer when the convention had to choose a name for the new organisation capable of satisfying the trade unions – moving into formal participation in a radical party for the first time in Canadian history – the old Co-operative Commonwealth Federation members and the younger enthusiasts who have been forming the New Party clubs across the country. There was strong support for the label that had proved effective enough to bring these three groups together, and the committee appointed to recommend a name to the convention also favoured 'New Party'. But many delegates felt the name was not specific, and too temporary, and by 784 to 743 votes the convention decided for 'New Democratic Party'.

If the new party is to challenge the Liberals successfully and to become the effective opposition, it must be radical enough to look different but sufficiently moderate to win support from farmers, fishermen and small businessmen as well as organised labour. This dilemma has been faced by drafting a programme which calls for a planned economy with price controls, combined with the vigorous use of fiscal policies which will ensure both economic expansion and – an important matter in the face of growing US business penetration – Canada's control over its own economic affairs.

The individual citizen is promised a revised tax structure, transferable pensions, a national health scheme, greater educational opportunity, guarantees against redundancy and a promise that costs and 'fair wages' would be paid to the unemployed when retraining or reallocation is necessary to find them work. In this Canadian version of the welfare state the consumer is offered protection against poor standards and advertising abuses; the drug industry was taken as a special case in point.

There was no disagreement among the delegates about the need for Canada to be a major source of aid to the under-privileged countries, and it was also agreed that the air defence treaty with the US should be ended. But the controversy over continued membership of Nato was fierce and prolonged, after a divided committee report. The official leadership faced a rejection of Nato membership by the Convention. The critics of Nato had considerable support, and both the elder statesman of the CCF, Mr Caldwell, and the new leader, Mr Douglas, had to be committed to the battle before the field was won. The condition of their victory was a policy which calls for 'critical' membership of Nato and no nuclear weapons on Canadian soil.

On Friday the New Democratic Party officially came into being, with Mr Gaitskell on hand to give it his blessing, as a revisionist Socialist party, using planning and other governmental powers to create a welfare state in a regulated mixed economy.

Berlin: Time for a Gesture

Lord Home's statement on his return from the foreign ministers' talks in Paris has shocked many people in this country. Opinion here regarded Mr Krushchev's speech – with its explicit reiteration that Russia has no desire to infringe western access to Berlin – as an important contribution to a *détente*. It may be that this view misjudges Krushchev's motives. Our Moscow Correspondent, whose dispatch we publish on the previous page, regards the speech as intended mainly for home consumption; he says its purpose was to alert Soviet opinion to the danger of war over Berlin and to justify the new defence measures which Krushchev is taking. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, so long as the routes to Berlin remain open, there will be no war; and on this point Krushchev's reassurance is categorical.

Why, then, did Lord Home express such concern at the terms of Krushchev's speech? The Foreign Secretary's language was in distinct contrast to the tone of the Prime Minister's broadcast last week, when he made it clear that he regarded Berlin as a negotiable issue. This can be explained partly by the difference of temperament between the two men. Unlike Mr Macmillan, Home has the mental reflexes of a Cold Warrior, and he approaches international problems from a class standpoint. But he is not the man to take issue with his leader on a problem of this importance; in the last resort he will simply obey orders.

The real explanation, therefore, seems to lie in the tactics which Britain and the US feel obliged to employ to secure Allied unanimity over Berlin. Dr Adenauer, backed by General de Gaulle, has always insisted that the West should stand absolutely pat on Berlin and call the Soviet bluff. This view was shared by Foster Dulles, and it was only in the last year of Eisenhower's presidency that the US began to move towards Mr Macmillan's thesis that we could reach an agreement on Berlin which both satisfied the Russians and retained full rights of access. President Kennedy also accepts this view, though he has to contend with his own Congressional and public opinion, which is increasingly clamouring for an American 'victory' of some kind.

So long as Britain and the US are united on the need for negotiations, there is a strong chance that wisdom and sanity will prevail. But in the meantime both powers feel that a tactical concession should be made to the Adenauer-de Gaulle axis. In practice, this means that formal negotiations will not be opened until after the German elections next month. This is why Lord Home was so anxious to stress the need for preliminary soundings, through regular diplomatic channels, before the powers get round a conference table.

The flaw in the argument, of course, is that Krushchev also has a deadline – the party conference in October. When it assembles, he must either announce the signature of a peace-treaty which, thanks to the mad logic of western international strategy, would lead immediately to a crisis; or he must be able to announce that talks are under way and are proceding in a satisfactory manner. The interval between the two dates is thus a brief one, and herein lies the danger. As Sir Edward Grey remarked, as the lights of Europe were going out: 'If only we had had more time . . .'

It lies, however, in the West's power to make a timely and important gesture. Krushchev's fears in central Europe spring not only from the danger that Ulbricht's regime may collapse, but also from the progressive re-armament of West Germany. He made it clear in his recent talks with Walter Lippman that the real moment of crisis would come when Dr Adenauer's new army obtains nuclear weapons. Here, then, are the elements of a bargain. The western powers should announce publicly that, in addition to West Germany's voluntary relinquishment of the right to manufacture nuclear weapons, German troops will in no circumstances be equipped with weapons to which nuclear warheads can be fitted. The guarantee should be made conditional on the continued Soviet – or East German – maintenance of Allied rights in Berlin. This would give Krushchev a substantial prize to deliver to his Congress and, incidentally, reassure western opinion too. It would have the final advantage of creating a climate of confidence for the negotiations on the Berlin issue itself.

ANGOLA 1961: The Factual Record

BASIL DAVIDSON

More has been written about Angola in the last five months than in all the centuries since Portuguese ships first steered into the Congo estuary 479 years ago. Yet it seems doubtful if the emergent picture of rebellion and repression can be at all clear even to a diligent newspaper reader. Conditions of severe censorship in Angola and Portugal, restriction of movement on those who have tried to investigate, and sheer unfamiliarity with a remote country have given plenty of excuse for confusion. The object here is to set the record straight and show how the military and political position in Angola stands today.

First of all, a few background facts. The colony of Angola (formally, an 'overseas province' of Portugal) is almost as extensive as western Europe, has about 200,000 Portuguese settlers (mostly peasants) and more than 4½ million Africans. It was named after an African kingdom discovered by the Portuguese in the 15th century, and until the middle of the 19th century the Portuguese had little or no control of anything except a narrow coastal belt. Effective 'occupation and pacification' began less than a hundred years ago. It was met with stout resistance and followed by many rebellions of which the present one is the largest – greater even than the famous Ovimbundu rising of 1902 or the Bakongo rising of 1913.

After about 1850 there were efforts to end plantation slavery inside the country. These were opposed by Portuguese planters, but towards the end of the 19th century there nonetheless came a change. Chattel slavery was gradually transformed into 'periodical slavery'. This masked form of servitude, known as 'contract labour', has continued ever since. It rests on a law which obliges every 'fit adult African male' (except for a handful of *assimilados*) to work for European employment over a period of six months each year. The law has always been abused, and many 'contract workers' – recruited in gangs by force or placed under individual arrest by the authorities – can return to their villages only after years of work under close restraint.

The position was fairly summarised by Captain Henrique Galvão when, as a senior inspector of colonies, he was reporting to the Salazar Government in 1947:

> In some ways the situation [in Angola] is worse than simple slavery. Under slavery, after all, the native is bought as an animal: his owner prefers him to remain as fit as a horse or an ox. Yet here the native is not bought – he is hired from the state, although he is called a free man. And his employer cares little if he sickens or dies, once he is working, because when he sickens or dies his employer will simply ask for another.

Over and beyond this, Africans have had no civic rights. They have been allowed no political responsibilities. Only a tiny minority can obtain any education. Their medical services are for the most part non-existent. They have been treated by the Salazar dictatorship with little but derision and contempt.

The first stirrings of political resistance, faint and far underground, occurred in the early 1950s, largely as a result of political developments in neighbouring lands. Little African groups – joined now and then by anti-Salazar Portuguese – began meeting in Luanda and other towns to 'discuss their situation' and how to change it. Whenever the police caught up with such meetings, men disappeared into prisons or detention areas in the far south or on the island of São Tomé. But the discussions continued. In 1957 political parties began to be formed in secret – notably the Movimento Popular de Libertacão de Angola and the União das Populacões de Angola.

In Angola as well as in Portugal the dictatorship redoubled its repression. In 1960 the authorities in Angola mounted a trial of some 45 Africans and seven Portuguese for 'activities dangerous to the state'. Sitting in secret, the court handed down heavy sentences. More arrests followed. Among 52 Africans seized in June was Father Joaquim Pinto de Andrade, African chancellor of the Catholic Archbishopric of Luanda; and Dr Agostinho Neto, African poet and medical doctor and leading spirit in the new political resistance.

The First Massacre

Neto's arrest was fateful. He was famous among Angolan Africans, and especially among his own Kimbundu people, as a man who pointed bravely and clearly towards a different future. After his arrest, rumours of a protest march and a massacre by Portuguese troops filtered through to Europe; they were confirmed four months later by a report which reached London from a reliable source whose identity I shall not reveal. There is no space here to quote it fully: it described how villagers from Neto's region east of Luanda went to Catete on 8 June to ask for his release, and were met by troops who shot into them, killing about 30 and wounding others. 'On the following day these soldiers went to Icolo and Bengo' – the villages concerned – 'and killed or arrested everyone who was found [there].'

Another crucial event was meanwhile occurring further north. On 1 July the Belgian Congo became the Congo Republic. This change had one immediate effect of profound importance for Angola. The Bakongo people of northern Angola already knew that their kinsmen of the French Congo had become free: and they heard the same of their kinsmen in the Belgian Congo. Groups began gathering in the dense forests.

Throughout 1960 tension grew steadily towards breaking point. What the atmosphere was like at the end of the year may be inferred from the report in January of an African pastor in Luanda. (He, too, I regret to say, must remain anonymous.) By way of a friend who was going to Nigeria, he wrote to another friend in London:

> Curfew at 10 pm has been enforced for all Africans. But even before that time, if an African is found in the street after sunset by the police patrol he is harassed and sometimes arrested. . . . Settlers threaten the Africans that a war between the Whites and Africans is imminent, and that all Blacks disloyal to Portugal, who do not join hands with the Europeans, will be wiped out. Planes fly low so as to create panic amongst Africans. . . . Increasing numbers of slogans – *Angola Livre* [Free Angola] – have been appearing on the walls of Luanda . . .

To these signs of mounting unrest, the Portuguese replied as they had always done before. They increased their repression. They prepared for ruthless killing. But the victims had no intention of being led like lambs to the slaughter. In February 1961 Angola entered a new phase – the phase of active revolution.

The first action of the Angolan rising of 1961 began on 4 February when desperate men at last answered violence by violence. African crowds stormed the São Paulo prison in Luanda. They took the police largely by surprise, and seem to have lost only seven men during this first day's assault. They attacked again on 5 February, and this time casualties were more numerous. By that night the police and army had recovered themselves: together with armed settlers, they invaded the African quarters in Luanda, beating up or shooting Africans indiscriminately.

An eye-witness who left Luanda on 6 February told of a count of 49 African corpses, hundreds wounded, hundreds more in prison. The massacre continued. Picking up the story on 24 February, *Time* reported how a Luanda cab driver had 'told reporters that he saw five trucks loaded with corpses driven out to a mass burial in the bush.' *Time* continued: 'While tanks and armoured cars patrolled the streets at night and Portuguese gunboats and planes combed the coastline, a doctor said wearily, "I don't know how much more of this I can stand. Every night we deal with men dreadfully cut up and wounded." '

But such repression, however brutal, had only local and temporary effect. On 15 March the Bakongo of the north went into massive action. The groups which had gathered in the forests launched their campaign of counter-terror and revenge. They invaded European homes and plantations. They killed at least 200 White men, women and children, often atrociously. This was now a peasant revolt, an outburst of uncontrollable anger and fear which matched the familiar horrors of repression with a new brutality. Everyone must regret these excesses. Can anyone be surprised at them?

Estimates of Europeans killed in the first weeks have varied widely. The *Sunday Times* correspondent in Luanda wrote on 23 April that 'at least 500 Europeans have been killed since 15 March'. This became 'more than 500 Europeans and mulattoes' in the *Daily Telegraph* of 24 April, and '350 white Portuguese' in *Time* of 28 April. But the 1961 Annual Report of the Angola Diamond Company refers to about 200 White deaths in this period.

Panic now gripped settlers and administration alike. At home in Lisbon the Salazar government decided on a war of extermination and began a full-scale military build up. 'It is understood,' reported the *Daily Telegraph* from Lisbon on 17 April, a month after the Bakongo rising had begun. 'that reinforcements of up to 25,000 men will be sent [to Angola] . . .' This was to prove substantially accurate.

Meanwhile the Portuguese in Angola were spending indiscriminate fury on the killing of men, women and children. Some seven weeks after the northern rising a Portuguese army officer told the *Daily Mirror's* special correspondent in Luanda on 3 May: 'I estimate that we've killed 30,000 of these "animals". There are probably another 100,000 working with the terrorists. We intend killing them when the dry season starts in about six weeks' time.' Exaggeration? An *Observer* correspondent writing from Luanda on 22 July declared that: 'The number of Africans vanished without trace is now, on all the evidence, about 50,000, although Africans here in Luanda put the figure twice as high.' The *Mirror's* correspondent also described the behaviour of White settlers. He saw an African thrown from the roof of a six-storey building. 'Just around the corner another African was torn to pieces by a mob – a White mob.' Added *Time* on 19 May: 'In Luanda, civilian vigilantes raided São Paulo suburb to hunt for "suspected arms", shot down 33 Africans at random. A government spokesman later reported the raid proudly.'

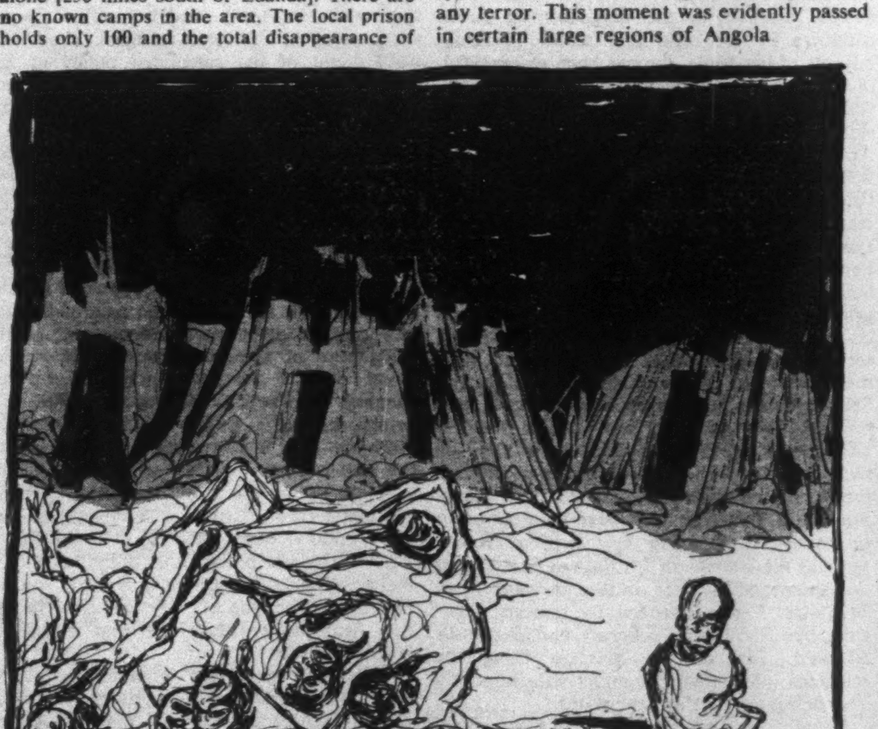
Such was the frenzy of the settlers that at last the government itself felt obliged to stop these shooting parties. On 20 May – more than three months after the São Paulo outbreak – the *Sunday Telegraph* correspondent in Luanda reported that

> the reign of terror and lynching of Africans has at last been stopped – not by public opinion, but by the fear of the authorities that the White militia was getting out of control. It has been followed instead by a series of savage 'precautions' extending to the hitherto peaceful south
>
> Wave after wave of Africans have been arrested, 1,500 of them in the Lobito area alone [250 miles south of Luanda]. There are no known camps in the area. The local prison holds only 100 and the total disappearance of the arrested Africans has given rise to the most sinister fears.
>
> People arrested include schoolteachers, *assimilados*, and almost every African who is literate. Possession of a grammar primer, a wireless set or even just a bicycle has been enough to lead to a man's disappearance. African priests have in many cases been inexplicably transferred to Portugal *in an attempt to empty the country of every potential African leader* [my italics].

This ferocious effort to exterminate all possible leaders with any education is testified from many sides. By July the American Methodists working in Angola had reported the deaths of 17 pastors at Portuguese hands, while 30 others were in prison and a further 90 were missing. (Letter to the *Guardian*, 18 July from the Rev. C. J. Parsons of the Baptist Missionary Society.)

Some idea of conditions in the battle areas of the north – closed to outside observers – could be had from the tens of thousands of refugees who were now flooding over the Congo border. *Time* of 19 May printed gruesome eye-witness reports. 'Walking, hobbling, frightened refugees have been streaming across the border at the rate of over 800 a day since the revolt began. All have their stories of indiscriminate Portuguese brutality.' Returning missionaries confirmed that the Portuguese were systematically destroying many villages in northern Angola, often by bombing from the air with incendiaries, napalm or even high-explosive bombs.

Yet by mid-June it was apparent that police and army were alike failing to master the revolt. Their 'utmost barbarism' – the phrase of Baptist missionaries – was not enough, for bombing and shooting of the innocent left their real opponents unscathed. Moreover, as anyone can testify who went through the hell of Nazi-occupied Europe, there comes a moment in situations like these when the spirit of resistance can grow stronger than any terror. This moment was evidently passed in certain large regions of Angola



Civilising Mission

The rebellion began to assume the clearly recognisable characteristics of a guerrilla war which had gone beyond the early phase of tentative experiment or mere desire for revenge. There were reports now of many 'armed bands'; and it was obvious that some of these, at least, had weathered their first trials of fire, captured some quantity of firearms (and possibly received a few more from the nearby Congo), and learned the lessons of high mobility and determined ambush. Hit-and-run raids on isolated police posts began to multiply.

A National Rising

These groups were also learning to strike at bigger targets. On 4 June, four months after the attack on the São Paulo prison, the *Daily Telegraph* (quoting official sources) reported that 'thousands of terrorists' had attacked a village not ten miles from the port of Ambriz, only 87 miles up the coast from the capital. This daring attack was pressed home. As late as 22 June the same newspaper reported that 'insurgents have surrounded the town of Ambriz in spite of heavy losses suffered in an attack yesterday. . . . In yesterday's attack, carried out during fog, over 300 insurgents infiltrated into the streets of Ambriz while another group attacked the town's airport. The airport runway was put out of commission.'

Much of northern Angola was in rebel hands and many roads were cut. But not only northern Angola was involved. On 21 June the *Guardian* quoted official Salazar sources showing how the movement had spread far to the south, beyond Luanda and even beyond the Cuanza river, into regions hitherto thought 'undisturbed':

> About 190 miles south of Luanda, at Novo Redondo, the police are said to have uncovered a terrorist organisation which was planning to assassinate all Whites and Natives loyal to the authorities. A 'great number' of arrests are reported. A similar organisation was discovered at Porto Alexandre, 125 miles north of the border of South West Africa, where 300 out of 5,000 labourers were involved in an anti-loyalist plot.

Such police 'explanations' carry no conviction; but this and other reports were clear evidence that the rebellion now had backing not only in the north but also in the south – indeed, across the whole western (and least sparsely occupied) region of this vast country.

This national character of the rising was confirmed by the handful of Angolan Africans who were now getting through to Paris and London. They brought evidence that all the main peoples of Angola were now involved, by one means or another, in the effort to end Portuguese rule: the Bakongo of the north, the Kimbundu who live between the Bakongo and the Cuanza river, and the Ovimbundu whose main regions lie south of the Cuanza and along the western reaches of the Benguela railway. And, as we shall see, guerrilla fighting was now spreading southward.

Early in August the position of mid-June was both confirmed and enlarged. In the north the Portuguese had bombed and ravaged much of riverain Angola into the silence of desolation. They had driven about 130,000 hapless men, women and children to seek refuge in the Congo – many of whom had walked for weeks to get there, though often burned or wounded. 'The cumulative evidence of returning missionaries and African refugees of the napalm bombing of villages and wholesale executions,' the *Sunday*

Times had commented on 1 July, 'is too consistent to be ignored'.

Elsewhere, mass arrests and killings had continued. The regime was still trying to eliminate every African with any kind of literate education. The special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* confirmed on 25 July that

> A widespread persecution of educated and semi-educated Africans has been ruthlessly carried out since the uprising in March by the PIDE – Portugal's secret police. . . . Answerable to no one, it [the PIDE] can, and all too frequently does, get away with murder.

But the armed bands, hitting out from forests in the north and broken country in the centre-north, were far from being crushed. On the contrary, they appeared to be gaining in numbers and confidence. Reported the local Lisbon correspondent of *The Times* on 18 July: 'An important cleaning-up operation is in progress in the Nambuangongo hill area of Angola. . . . Troops are converging on the area under airforce escort. . . .' Added the *Observer* correspondent in Luanda on 22 July: 'The attack [in this area] began at the week-end and resulted on its first day in the loss of 11 troops and 12 wounded in what appears to have been two ambushes. . . . There are signs that the High Command will rely once again on the Air Force to subdue the area.' Yet bombing, of course, can do nothing decisive against determined guerrillas: it is merely a confirmation that ground troops have failed in their task.

The Nambuangongo area is Bakongo country. But, continued *The Times* report of 18 July, 'a military column has also left Luanda to protect cotton pickers in the Icolo-Bengo plantations near the river Bengo. Several farms and estates in this area have been attacked'; and the Icolo-Bengo area is due east of Luanda in the heart of Kimbundu land. Thus the pattern of resistance follows the same course as in Nazi-occupied Europe: the Portuguese boast of 'cleaning up' their opponents in one area only to find resistance bursting forth elsewhere.

Portuguese morale is now beginning to sag. There is open talk in Angola of having to fight for 'two or three years'. There is whispered talk of sabotage, of a refusal to go through with military plans which could involve serious casualties, of gross inefficiency at the top. 'Portugal is losing the war in Angola,' roundly opined the *Observer's* correspondent in Luanda on 22 July: 'Eight weeks after the start of the dry season' – much advertised by Lisbon as the season when the revolt would be crushed – 'her Army still has not mounted anything that could be called an offensive against the rebels, except in the communiqués of the High Command.' Confirmed the *Daily Telegraph* on 25 July:

> Chances of crushing the revolt before the rainy season still seem remote, and so far the army is showing a marked reluctance to penetrate the dense forests and get to grips with the enemy.

It is also clear that this savage but unsuccessful colonial war is causing severe strains on the dictatorship in Portugal itself. 'Subversive propaganda protests against the dispatch of troops to Angola are being made, according to the Ministry of Information,' *The Times*, for example, wrote from Lisbon on 18 July: 'A Ministry statement said that at recent embarkations of troops, women on the dockside screamed their sorrow and revulsion. . . .' Already the dictatorship seems a good deal harder hit than it can dare to admit. The fight for Angola's freedom is manifestly linked in a direct and increasingly close manner with the cause of freedom in Portugal as well.

Even so, Salazar and his regime have had the best of the argument in Britain and Western Europe. There can be no real doubt that Portugal has used and is using Nato armaments in Angola. Without such Nato supplies, the Portuguese could never have deployed the aircraft, weapons and destructive techniques they have operated and still operate against African men, women and children. Only Norway among the Nato Powers has refused to sell arms to Portugal: because, as Foreign Minister Lange said on 21 June, 'Norway regards it as a burden for the whole western alliance that one member-country seeks to retain colonies by force'.

Mr Macmillan's government has lavished special tokens of sympathy and friendship on Salazar. It has made but one derisory concession to its critics. While it refuses to ban the sale of arms to Portugal, it has stated that these arms must not be sent on to Angola. The prohibition is obviously futile.

Now comes the crucial test. Salazar is faced with a challenge in Angola (and maybe soon in Mozambique) that he is failing to meet with the resources now at his disposal. He is not winning his colonial war. His regime is weakened in Portugal itself. He will therefore clamour for more help, more arms, more ammunition, more bombs, more tokens of friendship. Will he be permitted to get this help? Will he continue to enjoy official British goodwill and all that goes with it?

Once they win their freedom, the peoples of Angola and Mozambique (and no doubt of Portugal too) will need active help from the outside world in many ways. They will meet tough problems of transition. Until that happens, the question we should ask ourselves and act upon is surely very simple. How much longer will we allow our good name to be dragged through the prisons of Portugal and the blood and misery of Angola? How much longer?

Israel's Afro-Asian Dilemma

NORMAN BENTWICH

Israel has been for some years on the horns of a dilemma in her relations with the Afro-Asian states. Shall she throw in her lot whole-heartedly with the new nations, who want to root out the last vestiges of European control, or must she remain steadfast to her western supporters who helped her to obtain statehood and now help to sustain her economy?

On the one hand, Israel contrives to multiply the political, economic and social ties with Ghana and Nigeria, Mali and the French Sudan, Ethiopia and Liberia, Burma, Thailand, and Japan. Cut off from her natural markets in the neighbouring Arab countries by the rigid and searching Arab boycott of her trade, she has been resourceful in exploring more distant fields for the investment of her material capital, technical skill and brains, in the nations outside the Arab League. She sends far and wide goodwill and trade missions, doctors and scientists, experts in co-operation and technical teachers, to all parts of Africa and Asia except the 'Arab Island' and the Arab Peninsula; and she invites to her hospitable land the heads and ministers of those states, groups of social workers and directors of co-operative settlements, teachers and civil servants, in order that they may see with their own eyes the living socialism of Israel. She organises international conferences and seminars on scientific and social themes, and awards scholarships to her institutes of technology and scientific agriculture. She has established an Afro-Asian Institute for Social Studies in Tel-Aviv. Last year an impressive international gathering was held at Rehovoth, at the Weizmann Institute of Science, on the theme of Science in the Advancement of States. It was attended by famous scientists, like Sir John Cockcroft and Professor Blackett. The purpose was to bring the scientists into personal contact with ministers and delegates of the new states.

Israel's big contracting enterprise, Solel Boneh (the Pioneer Builder), which is the instrument of Histadruth, the comprehensive Labour Federation, is constructing roads, airfields and public works in many countries. Israel's nationalised shipping line, ZIM, plays a constructive part in building up and training a mercantile fleet for Ghana, Liberia and Burma. It has provided a substantial part of the capital of the joint enterprises, and in the first years gives the skilled direction. The Ethiopian Lion of Judah is helped by the Lamb of Israel to develop his potential resources of water-power and irrigated agriculture. A Socialist Minister of Nepal came to study the Israel Kibbutz.

On the other hand, Israel is rebuffed in her efforts to take a full and equal part in the political assemblies of the two continents. Occasionally, too, her closest friends in Africa join in some protest against her relations with the Arabs, and her refusal to re-admit some of the Arab refugees. They take no account of the calculated policy of her enemies to use the refugees as an instrument of political warfare, but treat Israel as in the wrong.

What are the causes of this ambivalence towards Israel of the African and Asian peoples who, like her, have recently won independence, and who have a drastic way of dealing with their own minorities and opposition parties? One certain factor is the unceasing effort of Nasser in Egypt and Kassim in Iraq to stir up hatred and passion against 'the outpost of western colonialism' at the bridgehead of three continents. That is how Israel can be readily represented by her enemies, who regard her not as a West-East bridge, but as a wedge driven between the Arab nations. Russia knows how to exploit the anti-western hostility of the new states. A majority of the 2 million Jews in Israel has come from Europe; a significant part of her economy comes from the investments and gifts of Jewish bodies and individuals from the west; she still receives a grant of surplus foodstuffs from the US government – though her Arab opponents share that bounty in larger measure.

Another ever-present mountain of offence is Israel's attitude at the United Nations in regard to Algeria. While all the new African nations have voted against France over Algeria, Israel, because of her near-alliance with the French Republic, has voted for her, or abstained. Israel's air-defence is based on French Mystère aircraft, and in the construction of her atomic reactor in the Negev

Israel, it is said, has had technical help from France.

Israel cannot repudiate her friendship and military arrangements with France. It is, however, arguable that she can keep a certain independence at the UN on African matters without imperilling France's support. And her present policy may be short-sighted. If and when France comes to terms with the Algerians, she will want to pursue friendship with the Arabs, and will have no inducement to supply arms to Israel. It would no doubt make it easier for Israel to act independently if her friends in Asia and Africa could help to bring about an improvement of her relations with the Arabs. To achieve that primary aim of Israel's policy, the new government, after the elections this month, may have to reconsider its attitude towards the 250,000 Arabs living in Israel territory and towards the 750,000 refugees. The policy of Mapai, the Central Labour Party, which has been the nucleus of every government since 1948, has been to maintain, for security reasons, restrictions on the freedom of movement of the Arab citizens living near the borders, and to readmit only a handful of the Arabs who fled, or were driven, from Israel during the struggle for independence. Israel's prime minister, Mr Ben-Gurion, is also Minister of Defence; and inevitably regards the treatment of the Arabs near the frontiers, and the refusal to repatriate Arab refugees, from the point of view of security. On the other hand, a growing political group believes that Israel's policy should be to give full equality to her Arab citizens, and, however remote the prospect, to pursue negotiations about the refugees. The way towards settlement with the Arabs may lie through the contentment of the Arabs in Israel.

A Jewish-Arab Association for Peace and Equality was formed in the autumn of 1956, a month before the Israel expedition in Sinai. Originally a non-party convention, it gained most of its adherents from the left-wing Socialist Mapam, though some of its most active members came from the bourgeois General Zionists and from the Progressives, now combined for the general election in a new Liberal Party. The Association has the backing of a number of Israel Arabs. It publishes a monthly English journal in Israel, *The New Outlook*, which is designed to be an open forum for discussion of the problems of the Middle East, and particularly the problem of Arab-Israel relations. Arabs are members of the editorial board, and the writers include publicists from India, Pakistan and other Asian States, and from Africa, as well as Europe and the US. It has a considerable circulation in the US among Arab students, and its subscribers are dispersed in 65 countries. Though frowned on by the Establishment in Israel, its influence is not negligible.

A large body of public opinion and several parties in the last Knesset were in favour of abolishing the military administration of the border areas and the pass-system for the Arabs. And a growing if smaller body support the exploration of any plan for repatriation of some of the refugees, if any practical measures can be devised for sifting those who will undertake to be loyal citizens of Israel, and are willing to live in any area which is available for settlement.

If only Israel, with or without the help of the UN and America, can break through the barrier of Arab intransigence, and negotiate on repatriation and resettlement as a prelude to peace, or even to a sincere armistice, her contribution to the advancement of Asia and Africa would be very much greater than today.

Two-fifths of her Jewish population are oriental, coming from the Arab and North-African countries, Turkey, Iran and Yemen, with smaller groups from India and Afghanistan. Together with the 250,000 Arab citizens, the Orientals are half of the total population. Culturally, then, Israel is fitted to mingle with her Arab neighbours. As in the Middle Ages, when Jews were carriers of culture and science from the east to the west, from the Moslem to the Christian realm, today Israelis could resume the role of carriers of the natural and social sciences and technology, this time from the western to the oriental world. God has made geography but once; and the tiny country of Israel, between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, is placed at a cross-road of civilsations, and is itself a centre of civilisation. But in order to be 'a light to the Gentiles' in our days, Israel must take her courage in both hands, and show her solidarity with the African and Asian nations.

London Diary

CRITIC

In a mad world it is inevitable, I suppose, that some people, usually regarded as sane, should assume that Russia's motives in putting men into space is to enable them more efficiently to drop H-bombs onto American towns. It is, of course, true that each leap forward in scientific achievement presents more and brighter prospects of racial suicide. There are, however, other less speculative reasons for Russia's concentration on the conquest of outer space. The Soviet religion is material progress through science. 'Glory to Man in the highest, for He is the Master of things', is the constant refrain of triumphant Marxism. On this point, American philosophy does not differ from Russia's. It is this belief in an indefinable and indeed a mysterious utopia that excites the masses of the Soviet Union when they cheer their heroes returning from the sky. Heaven is at last to be found, not in a religious metaphor, but in sober reality above the clouds in the bright blue sky. If some countries, including Britain, are classified as decadent it is basically because, having achieved for themselves a modest degree of comfort, they have ceased to believe that goodness or happiness are guaranteed by the new miracles of science. Indeed many of our artists and writers turn in despair from the world around them; some embark on a search for an internal harmony which they hope may be enjoyed by individuals whether they find themselves living in a scientific heaven or hell.

* * *

I was surprised to read in the press the other day that people's only emotion in this country when the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima was relief that the war was coming to an end. I well remember my own reaction. It was not special misery about another wholesale massacre. I could see little difference on this score between Hiroshima, Dresden and Tokio. I was horrified because of a conviction that we were in for an even worse period of human history; man would always want to use any weapon of destruction he invented. I didn't at that time even know that the Japanese were suing for peace when the A-bombs were dropped. But because Hiroshima did make a new era in the history of man's martyrdom, Lord Russell and the Committee of 100 (whose activities I have not always thought wise) were right in seeing Hiroshima day as the correct and dramatic moment for their successful demonstration. And Russell pointed the right practical moral. If people are not warned that there must be negotiations, and that negotiations must involve *de facto* recognition of East Germany, they will one morning wake up with the fatal choice of abject surrender and nuclear war.

* * *

Twenty-seven well known people, including Professor Ayer, C. Day Lewis, Compton Mackenzie, Sir Robert Mayer, Lord Faringdon, Sir Leslie Plummer, Arthur Greenwood and half a dozen other MPs have addressed a letter to President Kennedy asking for an amnesty for two men now imprisoned in the US. They cite the First Amendment, which guarantees the right of free speech, and urge that he should free Carl Braden, who, they say, was gaoled because he supported racial integration in the South, and Frank Wilkinson, convicted for refusal to co-operate with the Committee on Un-American Activities. They say: 'Surely these men, like many others who have suffered similar persecution, are not acting in their own narrow interests, but are striving for all their fellow-Americans, to regain that measure of liberty which was theirs?' I think the Union of Democratic Control, which has sponsored this letter, is wise in making a special appeal for two individuals. People who are not easily moved by a mass appeal may respond if they get interested in particular cases. But someone has to arouse public opinion about the many thousands who are in gaol for political reasons in almost every part of the world. An organisation called Amnesty (address is at 1 Mitre Court Buildings, London, EC4) now publishes a regular bulletin with information about political prisoners all over the world. It was launched by a group of lawyers and writers committed to the old-fashioned proposition that men and women should not be imprisoned for their political opinions.

* * *

The new list of Salazar arrests to be reported here includes the best and most honest of Portuguese lawyers, notably Acacio Gouveia and Cal Brandao; a well-known artist, Nikias Skapinakis; Dr Amado, lecturer at the Lisbon University's faculty of medicine; officials and others who have had the courage to criticise the present disastrous regime. In any democratic country they would be regarded as mild liberals; Jo Grimond would stand well to the left of them. Their crime was to be among the 61 signatories of the programme of democratic reform published last May. Absurdly the act of sending this manifesto to the press was denounced as an 'act of sedition'.

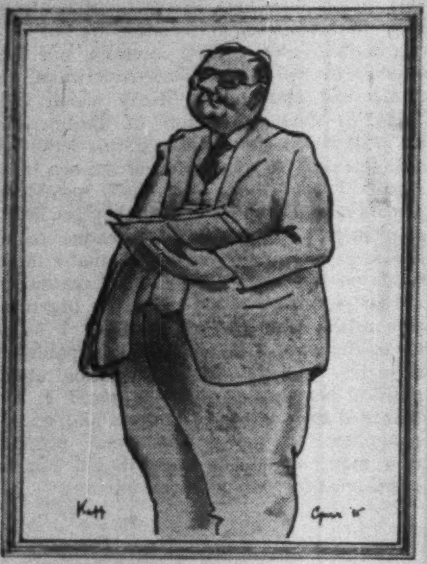
Since then the signatories have been liable to arrest and indefinite detention. A few, including Dr Veiga Pires, an elderly liberal doctor well-known here as well as in Oporto, have been released, but arrests continue.

* * *

It is 30 years at least since I first heard penal reformers talking about a proposed 'psychiatric prison', and 22 since Sir Norwood East and Dr Hubert described what it ought to be like and introduced the term 'psycopathic personality'. In the Commons on the last day before the recess Kenneth Robinson said the plans for this long-promised institution were now so much out of date, as a result of mental health research since 1939, that the Home Office would not know what to do with the place at last being built at Grendon Underwood in Bucks. He thinks, as I do, that the Minister of Health ought to take it over as a kind of modified Broadmoor, part-prison, part-hospital, offering a range of mental health treatment to match the whole varieties of prison conditions between 'maximum security' and the prison without bars. Informed people agree that ordinary imprisonment makes the psychopath worse. In fact it makes most people worse. But in the case of the psychopath you have a mental condition which, vaguely understood as it still is, quite clearly calls for medical treatment. It is reassuring, anyway, that the government pays no regard to the demand, heard again in the Commons last week, that we set up Devil's Island colonies in some place like the Outer Hebrides.

* * *

I first remember Frank Buchman as a revivalist preacher, only a little less emotionally disturbing than Billy Graham. He infuriated Oxford men by describing the movement he founded as the Oxford Group. It was an evangelical affair, with what always seemed to me nasty undertones. The injunctions to absolute love, honesty and truth were unexceptionable, and so was the 'quiet time' to examine one's soul. But during a week-end (if I remember rightly, at the house of Mr Austin Reed) I was amazed to hear people describing how, after 'coming clean' about their sins, they immediately reaped very material benefits. As some Victorians used to sing:



> Whatever Lord we lend to Thee,
> Repaid a thousand-fold shall be.

A business man, for instance, told me how, after he had been 'changed', he had actually refrained from dismissing an inefficient salesman out of hand. Instead, they had a frank talk, with the result that his employee became his most profitable salesman. There was also a disagreeably class atmosphere; the 'Salvation Army in top hats', the irreverent called it. I never quite believed in the lady who expressed her gratitude to Dr Buchman 'because he introduced her not only to Jesus Christ, but also to the Queen of Rumania'. No doubt apocryphal, but making a fair point, for the Buchmanites insistently sought out people with well-known names, titles, athletic or other much publicised records. They have made a speciality of enlisting, sometimes without their victims realising what they were letting themselves in for, all sorts of influential political people from Himmler downwards. Buchmanite disciples all seemed to live in the best hotels, though they had no salaries and depended on some wealthy convert being God-guided to pay the bills. A modern version of holy poverty. Recent developments of the movement were authoritatively examined by Tom Driberg in this journal last June. A study of their advertisements and publications now shows a shift from private evangelism to ideological politics; they have become, as Tom Driberg said, 'a morale-building and propaganda instrument of the Cold War.' They are supported by the big business men who most fear Communism, but who, it seems to me, may quite easily switch to a belief in Co-existence, once they understand that a hot war would not spare Pittsburg or Detroit. Kapp's brilliant drawing of Frank Buchman, which is reproduced here, appeared in this journal on 11 July 1935. It was a very faithful portrait of Frank at that time.

* * *

I was delighted to see an old friend, Mr Paul Eisler, here on a holiday from Prague. Eisler is a distinguished Czech economist, well-known to many people here. His wife, a daughter of Lord Layton, and his two children will be here with him for several weeks before returning to Prague. That they should all be here together on holiday from an Iron Curtain country is an unusual event. One swallow, I can hear you say (coining a phrase), doesn't make a summer. But I cannot help hoping that this visit is a good omen of freer intercourse with friends from the other side of Europe.

* * *

No wonder the Scots take a poor view of English provincialism. Until I spent the Bank Holiday week-end at Aberdeen I had no idea that it had two medieval universities (long since united), each of which still rivals, in architectural and historical interest, more famous colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. I was speaking at a British Council summer school to which students came from many countries, including, I am glad to say, some from behind the Iron Curtain. We met in the quite beautiful new Crombie Hall, which was opened by the Queen last year. I was interested to hear that, after the manner of Scandinavian hostels, men and women both have rooms in the same building. As one friend put it to me, 'Aberdeen, after being 50 years behind the times, has made a Chinese leap forward.'

I had not known before that the coastline of East Scotland is rather like Cornwall's, with many miles of virgin yellow sand, inviting coves and still un-arty fishing villages. But I must add that my view is biased by seeing the countryside on a glorious summer day; Aberdeen's grey granite, which contrasts so favourably with Edinburgh's black buildings, glittered in the sunshine. That, admittedly, was a rare bit of luck. If the sands are virgin and bathers rare, that is because the wind is usually too fresh for comfort on the east coast of Scotland and the sea too cold for anyone to bathe in unless he is as hardened as Scots so often pretend to be. So, in spite of my admiration, I shall still prefer, with most soft southerners, the warmer waters of the South, and I suppose the sands will remain unsullied and the English ignorant.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Bingo is holding up the export drive, Sheffield Council heard last night. Alderman Alfred Wolstenholme said a local manufacturer was unable to obtain labels needed for his products destined for export. 'All the local printing firms are too busy printing bingo cards,' he said. – *Daily Mail.* (D. Melling.)

Governess-housekeeper wanted for serene and happy household, beautiful country home in Cotswold Hills. You may as well know that we are Spiritualists and Occultists, Buddhist and Christian, and we want our children to be taught the Truth. Mother is a medium, Father a healer. We will sound insane to most who read this advertisement. We want the person to whom we sound refreshingly sane. Excellent salary. – Please write in longhand (we are also graphologists). – Advert in *The Times.* (Bernard Crick.)

It is far better for children to talk about sex among themselves and retain a sense of shame about it, the Ven. Talbot Dilworth-Harrison adds. – *Reynolds News.* (M. P. Armstrong.)

Men who arrive at a Leeds ballroom wearing sideboards more than half way down their ears are being refused admission. The manager, Mr J. Savile, says they look 'untidy'. Instead, the men are now offered the choice of sitting down in the entrance to have their sideboards chopped off with razors by two ballroom employees; of going away to do it themselves; or of going elsewhere to dance.

Mr Savile, who wears his own hair in what he calls a Napoleonic fringe, has previously had it dyed with crossing stripes to give a tartan effect; with black and white stripes; in the colours of silver, pink, chromium plate, beige blonde; and with mother-of-pearl and Harris tweed effects. – *The Guardian.* (R. E. Morphet.)

Lobo and the Dog-Catchers

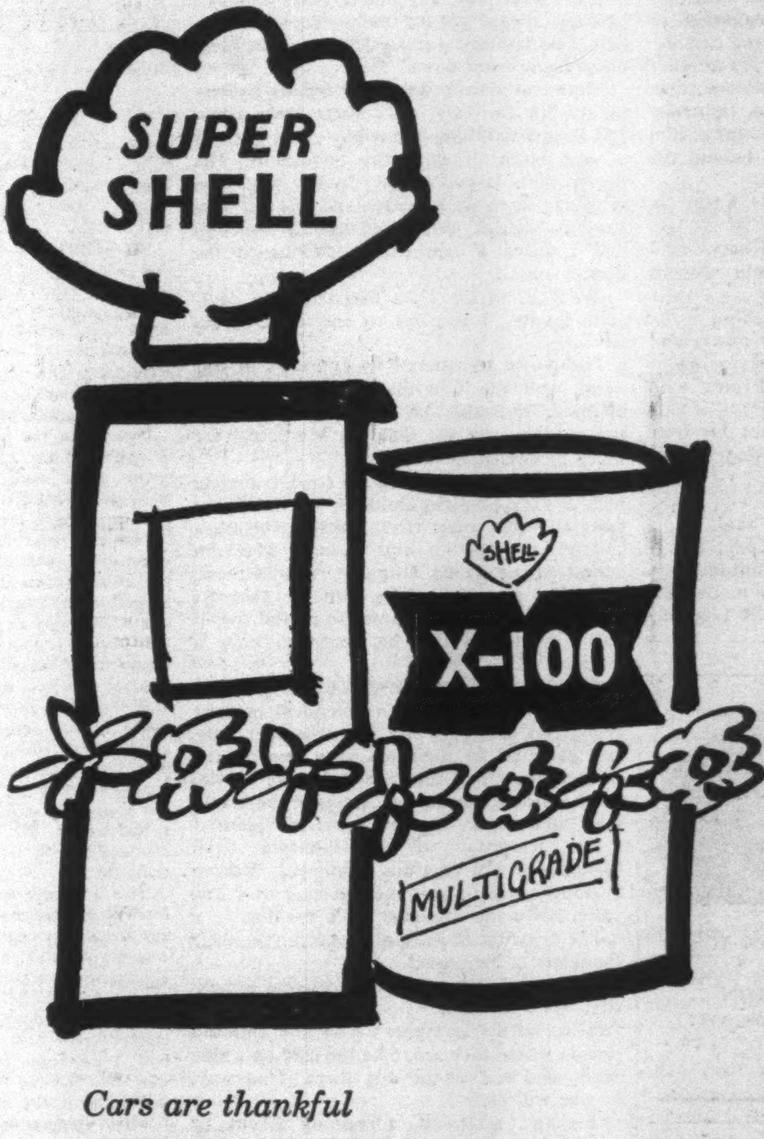
SHIRLEY DEANE

We were living in the province of Malaga when Lobo found us, in a small fishing village on a cliff above the sea, known rather grandly as the Balcony of Europe. He pushed the door open with his nose one hot, still afternoon, lay down under the table, and stayed for six months. The house seemed a little crowded, for he was one of the largest dogs I've ever seen, but all the same we were flattered. Lobo could distinguish a foreigner from a Spaniard at a distance of a hundred yards in bathing trunks. It was our un-Spanishness that appealed to him, and at that time we were the only foreigners in the village.

At the end of the six months, we moved along the coast to the tourist boom-village of Torremolinos, loaded on the back of a three-ton potato truck. The day after we arrived, we walked along the main road towards the village, past the curious mushroom-growth of California-style bungalows, each with its glittering swimming pool. Lobo grew happier and more dignified with every foreigner we passed. They all stopped to pat Lobo, who basked and glowed in the welter of un-Spanish attention.

He was walking demurely about 20 yards in front of us when it happened – an admired and law-abiding dog, his collar in position, his anti-rabies vaccination disc

GO WELL-GO SHELL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YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

flashing in the sun. Suddenly a man detached himself from a telegraph pole – a huge, shambling, neanderthal sort of man – and rushed at Lobo with a whip of knotted rope. Malcolm, my husband, yelled at him to keep away, assuming as I did that he was some kind of escaped lunatic. The man lashed out at Lobo, and Malcolm tackled him. As I thrust my children behind me, I was relieved to see two members of the Guardia Municipal hurrying up.

'It's all right,' I called to Malcolm. 'The police are coming for him.'

The police arrived, and seized Malcolm roughly from behind. I was beginning to explain their mistake, when I noticed that the neanderthal man had been joined by another one, just like him, also with a knotted rope. Between them, they fell on Lobo, tightened their ropes round his neck, and threw him unconscious into a wheeled cage behind the telegraph pole.

'What's going on?' asked Malcolm in amazement. 'Who are those men?'

'They are the official dog-catchers,' said the policemen portentously. 'Your dog is breaking the law.'

'In what way?' demanded Malcolm.

The policemen looked at each other, and glanced quickly into the cage.

'He hasn't got a muzzle,' said one, with a flash of inspiration.

'But we've lived in this province for over a year, and we haven't seen a dog with a muzzle yet.'

The policeman shrugged.

'Nevertheless, it is the law,' he said.

There is, of course, a law to cover everything in Spain, many of them contradictory. Each successive government has made new laws without repealing old ones. A law may not be used for years, it may be easy to get around, but there it is, ready to be enforced if the local police need money.

A North-East England Coxswain

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'What will happen to him?' I asked.

'He will be taken to Malaga – you can have him back if you pay the fine.'

'What will the fine be?'

'It varies,' said the policeman ominously.

A woman swathed in a black head shawl plucked at my sleeve.

'They keep the dogs for three days,' she whispered. 'Then, if the fine's not paid, they strangle them, and burn their bodies for fertilizer. Either way, the police make money.'

'They always go for the foreigners' dogs first,' said another woman. 'They get the fines more easily from them.'

More and more people were quietly gathering to see the fuss, until there were some 300 Spaniards filling the road – they formed a solid block of sympathy behind us. The dog-catchers lashed at the donkey who was drawing the wheeled cage, and headed him towards Malaga. With one accord, Malcolm and I seized a rein each, and turned the donkey round.

'We'll go to the Casa Cuartel,' said Malcolm loudly. 'I demand to see the Guardia Civil.'

The crowd murmured its approval of our stand, and the Guardia Municipal looked alarmed. The Guardia Civil are a superior police force, and the Guardia Municipal are much in awe of them.

We marched back along the road, complete with donkey, sobbing children, and our three hundred silent supporters. Outside the Casa Cuartel, rage giving him fluency, Malcolm addressed the crowd. Our dog, he told them, had often gone for walks with the Guardia Civil in the village he came from, and they'd never mentioned that he ought to have a muzzle.

'Olé!' cheered the crowd, *'Olé!'*

Several Guardia Civil, resplendent in their grey-green uniforms and patent-leather hats, had gathered in their doorway, eyeing the enraged foreigners and the muttering crowd.

'The shame, the shame!' groaned the black-shawled woman. 'It's the shame of Spain.'

The Corporal of the Guardia Civil beckoned to the Guardia Municipal. 'You've obviously made a mistake,' he said in a low voice. 'Give the foreigner back his dog.'

The Guardia Municipal glanced over their shoulders at the crowd.

'We can't,' they said with oriental simplicity. 'We'd lose face.'

'Then let the foreigner's wife and children remain where they are, take the cart up a side street, and release the dog there. That way, no one will know.'

'Perhaps, after all, something might be arranged,' agreed the Guardia Municipal, nudging Malcolm hopefully.

'I won't pay you a damn thing, if that's what you mean,' said Malcolm, 'but I want my dog.'

Hastily the Guardia Municipal disappeared with Malcolm, the cart and the dog-catchers, while I mingled with the crowd, and told them what was happening. The men shook my hand, the women patted me on the back.

'It's only because we are foreigners, and can make a fuss, that we're getting our dog back,' I told them. 'If it was your dog, you'd have to pay the fine.'

Later that day, when Malcolm had helped a trembling Lobo home, and joined us in the village again, we went to do the marketing. The chief of the market beckoned us into his office, and closed the door. The two Guardia Municipal were waiting for us.

'We wondered if you'd be kind enough to tell the people that you paid a fine to get your dog back, one of them asked Malcolm.

'It is difficult for us,' explained the other. 'There are stories going about already that you held the police up with a pistol.'

For weeks afterwards, village ladies stopped me in the street to ask if it were true, my husband's heroism. I shrugged modestly.

'It was nothing,' I assured them. 'Nothing at all.'

Correspondence

CASTRO'S CUBA

Sir, – I continue to be amazed and disheartened by the absurd lengths to which some of my critics in England seem willing to go. The latest are Mr E. J. Hobsbawm (New Statesman, 21 July 1961) and Mr Robin Blackburn (28 July 1961).

Mr Hobsbawm asks your readers to 'recall that Mr Draper, a few weeks before the total fiasco of the Cuban exiles, suggested that Castro's support might well have fallen to below 50 per cent of the population, that it was doubtful whether he could win an election if one were held, and that he had 'given Cuba not a national revolution but an international civil war' (*Encounter*, March 1961, pp 15, 23).

Except for the last quotation, Mr Hobsbawm is guilty of an appalling distortion of what I wrote. Here were my words: 'Most observers estimated Castro's popular support at 90 per cent or more in January 1959, and at 75 per cent or more a year later, but it may well be, as some claim, that the figure has been cut to 50 per cent or less at the present time. It is no longer certain that he could win any election overwhelmingly or at all.'

In brief, I merely passed on *claims* that his support had fallen to 50 per cent or less at the time (I finished the article in December 1960 and the magazine went to press in February 1961). Indeed, some of the reports in this period gave him as low as 20 per cent. I did not feel that I was in a position to 'suggest' anything. I carefully put my own comment – 'it may well be' – in the conditional. As for my election speculation, Mr Hobsbawm impermissibly changed my 'it is no longer certain' to 'it was doubtful'.

This is hardly the way to conduct a decent or fruitful discussion. I think that most readers of my original words would have realised that I was trying to lean over backwards to credit Castro with substantial popular support in view of the incredibly low estimates then prevalent in the US. I do not know and Mr Hobsbawm cannot know how much popular support Castro had. I do know that Castro's own speeches at that time showed that he was running into grave difficulties in the middle class and working class – which happen to constitute over a majority of the Cuban population. It should also be recognised that estimates of popular support could well differ depending on whether they were made before or after the fiasco, which undoubtedly increased Castro's support.

Mr Blackburn questions my 'honesty' because I cited Guevara's speech last January in which he referred to Trujillo as 'now our friend'. He claims that Guevara's words were 'heavily ironic'. At least it cannot be said that I invented them. Mr Blackburn seems to think that Guevara was referring to 'Trujillo's opportunist advances'. But why should a Trujillo make advances to a Castro?

I interpreted Guevara's phrase, ironic or not, as reflecting a new community of interest between Castro and Trujillo. New light on this community of interest has recently been cast by none other than Raúl Castro in a speech on 4 June 1961 (published in full in *Revolución*, Havana, 5 June 1961).

In a long section of the speech, Raúl

What's wrong with our schools?

WHAT BRITAIN, as a nation, *cannot* afford is to go on being under-educated. If we are to meet the growing challenge of economic competition, we must be properly prepared—and that doesn't just mean training more and better scientists and technologists!

This Sunday in The Observer, the second article in the series "Britain Tomorrow" examines our educational system—schools, teachers, pupils—and says how we need to plan for the future.

How do we get more teachers? Are there resources outside the traditional ones? How do we make sure that our secondary and university teachers don't waste their time teaching basic skills that should have been acquired earlier?

Are we right to accept the present 'three-tier' system—primary, secondary, university? Is there a place for public schools in Britain? Must the secondary moderns be dead-ends of frustration and failure?

It is a matter of urgency to decide what we need, and how to finance it. The article in The Observer this Sunday ranges wide in its scope. It is a direct challenge to everyone concerned with our educational system—teachers, administrators, parents and the people who are going to pay the bill.

Look ahead with

THE OBSERVER

developed the idea that Trujillo had been useful to imperialism for three decades but that the Dominican dictator had lost his usefulness and had become an 'obstacle'. Therefore, according to Raúl, the imperialists decided to get rid of Trujillo, but the latter refused to go. In order to 'blackmail' the imperialists, Trujillo 'suspended the attacks against Cuba, re-transmitted some of Fidel's speeches, expelled the mercenaries that remained there, said that he would divide up some land' and even 'declared at one moment that he would legalize the Communist Party – no Communist was fool enough at that time to put in an appearance.'

Raúl hints that Trujillo was assassinated because he refused the United States' demand for his abdication – not because of growing opposition to his rule at home. Raúl also explains that Trujillo pleaded in vain for the right to substitute his brother. Raúl leaves little doubt about whom he holds responsible for Trujillo's death by charging that 'the United States government gave out the news before anyone else.'

We have much to learn about this whole affair. We need not expect Guevara or Raúl Castro to tell us everything at once. But it is surely significant that Raúl should go to so much trouble to explain why Trujillo had become an 'obstacle' to imperialism and thereby to imply that Castro and Trujillo faced the same enemy. This is as much the basis of a deal between the two as Stalin and Hitler had in 1939. And it is also surely significant that Raúl should have characterised Trujillo no longer as a fascist beast but as 'a daring and audacious type, personally even brave'.

Traditionally, in Communist policy, a deal can be made with a Hitler or a Trujillo once he is defined 'objectively' to be an 'obstacle' to imperialism. Raúl's speech was only one of the recent indications in the Cuban press that the Castro regime has preferred Trujillo and his heirs to the democratic Dominican opposition.

I cannot be expected to deal with all the inventions and innuendoes in Mr Blackburn's scatter-gun attack. Yet Perry Anderson in *Time and Tide* and the *New Left Review* hardly merit the reverence with which he mentions them. In a single paragraph, Anderson was capable of making two egregious falsifications of what I had written, and when I pointed them out, he could not deny his guilt. The *New Left Review* of May-June 1961 featured an article, largely dedicated to my intended discomfiture, which contained an even larger collection of fantasies because it was much longer. This is not the place for exposing them, but interested readers might do well to wait for my reply, which I hope it will publish soon in full.

Berlin
JOHN MANDER
'An excellent introduction to the power-pivot of Europe.' Michael Hamburger, *New Statesman*
'Mr. Mander is a master of brief and clear statement . . . Prolonged study on the spot has given him a deep understanding of the mentality of the Germans. He wins the confidence of the reader on the first page and retains it.'
G. P. Gooch *Contemporary Review*
Illustrated 21*s*

The Common Market
J. F. DENIAU
New and up-to-date edition.
'The best simple exposition available' (*The Economist*) by one of the Common Market's principal architects. 15*s*

BARRIE & ROCKLIFF

What is, or should be, the real issue between us? I have been pointing out for months that *Fidelismo* and Communism have been fusing, ideologically and organisationally. Others have held that they were 'natural enemies' or that they merely 'coexist'. But now the ideological and organisational fusion has taken place for all to see. Why these pathetic attempts to change the subject?

Marxism-Leninism – not merely 'Marxism' – has now become the official Cuban state ideology. In a speech on 14 June 1961, President Osvaldo Dorticós explained that 'in great part, an integral revolutionary theory was not formulated previously for strategical reasons . . .' (*Verde Olivo*, 25 June 1961, p. 29). What else is there to wait for?

Theodore Draper

Chilmark
Mass.

SOVIET AIR STRENGTH

Sir, – Your remarks on the Soviet Air Display in your issue of 14 July have come belatedly to my notice. I hope you will allow me to comment on what seems to me an obviously unintentional but nevertheless effective example of how, too often, we do the Soviets' propaganda job for them.

'The Soviet Air Display on Sunday made it abundantly clear that Russia has already carried out a complete overhaul of its conventional aerial forces.' Anyone who has followed in the press in recent years the development of the Soviet Air Force should know that most of the aircraft shown on this occasion were well known types such as Fresco, Farmer and Badger. Of the rest, some were variants of known aircraft. The fact that others were seen only singly or in small numbers is at least a fair indication to the experienced observer that they were prototypes, and therefore not in production or operational service.

Russia is stated to be 'well ahead of the West in manned bombers and fighters'. I know of no evidence that this is so. Actually the USSR is well astern of the West in manned bombers, both numerically and in terms of performance. She is not known to have any supersonic aircraft with very long range.

'The Russians showed 15 Bears, equipped with a powered bomb, which the Americans cannot match until 1964-5, when Skybolt becomes available.' In fact the powered bomb in question is roughly equivalent to an American bomb already in service – Hound Dog. Skybolt is not a bomb at all, but an airborne ballistic missile with a range of about 1,000 miles.

'They also showed a Bounder, the equivalent of the projected B-70 Mach 2.2 bomber.' The Bounder, of which only one has ever been seen, is not in fact comparable to the B-70, which is a six-engined Mach 3 aircraft. Bounder's range is probably little more than that of the twin-engined Badger. It has been described by experts as probably configured for supersonic flight and in the 300,000 lb class.

'The Flashlight Yak 25 all-weather night fighter, which itself outclasses the V-bomber, is now regarded, by the Russians, as obsolescent.' This is simply not true. Flashlight is subsonic and, as your comment says, is regarded by the Russians as obsolescent. Even so, it is the USSR's only swept-wing, all-weather night fighter. There is no evidence that the USSR has in fact any swept-wing supersonic night fighters.

'All these four types' (ie Mig 19 Farmer, Mig 21 Faceplate, Fishbed and Fishpot) 'fly at Mach 2, well over the speed of the V-Bomber'. Actually, of the four aircraft mentioned, only the two Deltas – Fishbed and Fishpot – are likely to be capable of Mach 2. Faceplate has not been seen since 1958.

Finally 'It is significant that the Soviet authorities did not even bother to show their own equivalent of the V-Bomber, the Blowlamp.' It is really ludicrous to describe Blowlamp as the equivalent of our V-Bombers; actually its nearest British equivalent is the Canberra light bomber.

By all means let us give the Russians the credit of being good aircraft designers and production engineers. It is always dangerous to under-rate a potential enemy; it is sometimes – for different reasons – just as unwise to overrate him.

John Slessor

Rimpton Manor
Yeovil
Somerset

Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor is misinformed. We refer him to the detailed analysis (including photographs) of the Tushino air show published in the authoritative US publication *Aviation Week*, issues of 17 and 24 July 1961. Three designs of air-to-ground missiles appear to be in existence: (1) an equivalent of the Hound Dog, carried in the twin-jet Badger; (2) a larger, longer-ranged weapon, described as a 'supersonic, radar-guided air-to-surface missile', carried by the intercontinental Bear; (3) a weapon described as 'a ballistic type missile similar to the USAF Skybolt' carried in the Mach 2-plus Beauty. This last, as well as the others, appears to be operational; Skybolt will not be available until 1964-5.

Sir John also underestimates the range of Bounder and Beauty. *Aviation Week* describes Bounder as a bomber of intercontinental range and states that Beauty is equipped for aerial refuelling. What is more important, he writes of the B-70 as if it were in existence. In evidence before the Senate Appropriations Defence Subcommittee last month, General Curtis LeMay, Chief of Staff USAF, stated that the first B-70 will not fly until December 1962, and that the first wing (always assuming funds were provided) would not be operational until 1967.

In his estimates of Soviet fighter performances, and in his general view that little new was revealed at the Tushino show, Sir John ignores the fact that many types shown revealed important modifications. Certainly, his complacency is not echoed in Washington. Following a closed briefing of the Senate Preparedness Sub-committee, Senator Henry M. Jackson disclosed that, while the US is still ahead in subsonic aircraft, the USSR is ahead 'in intercontinental supersonic bomber research and development'. Senator Stuart Symington, an ex-Air Force Secretary, said that the Tushino show indicated that the Americans 'have now been out-traded seriously in the manned aircraft field'.

RHODESIAN CONSTITUTION

Sir, – In your issue dated 28 July in referring to the Southern Rhodesian Referendum you repeat the allegation 'that the 15 African seats in a House of 65 will be abolished if the African members do not toe the line.' This allegation was officially denied by Sir Edgar Whitehead, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia on 21 July. The denial was widely published by other journals.

W. R. Ferris
Information Attaché

Rhodesia House
Strand, WC2

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: It is well-known that many members of the UFP were privately reassuring white electors before the referendum that they need not fear African members entering the House, as a two-thirds majority was sufficient to abolish the African seats. The essential point, surely, which no one from Rhodesia has met is that, as in the South African example, by retaining more than a two-thirds majority in white hands, all future African representation is at the mercy of the white minority.

THE PITMAN CASE

SIR, – It seemed rather unfair to publish Mr Robert Pitman's apologia in last week's NEW STATESMAN. In his Percy Howard capacity he exhorted his *Sunday Express* readers never to open a magazine containing an article by me. Thus they must have found themselves in the painful dilemma of having either to disregard his instructions, or to miss his riposte to Charon's strictures.

As Charon correctly divined, I personally welcome attacks in Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers. Past experience has shown that the only thing to be feared is their praise. This I have mercifully always been spared. It did, I confess, surprise me that Mr Pitman's services should have been required in a dual capacity. I had always assumed that Lord Beaverbrook maintained a stable adequate to meet all contingencies. Doubtless it was the holiday season which necessitated the Pitman-Howard double billing.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Robertsbridge
Sussex

WAKEFIELD'S COLONIES

SIR, – A good part of Asa Briggs's interesting review of my book was taken up with comment on Wakefield's conception of what his colonies should be like, socially.

When Wakefield planned them he had to reckon with the government's objections to 'settling a Republic' in any part of His Majesty's Dominions (as James Stephen described the original scheme for South Australia). He knew that the City was not going to invest money in any Levellers' Utopia. Suppose for the sake of argument (most unrealistically) that the thing could have been done without capital. Wakefield knew that he could not create new, viable provinces in empty countries 10,000 miles from home by sending out only agricultural labourers, most of whom in those days, for all their wonderful versatility, were half literate (if that), together perhaps with a few middle class men unused to administration. He knew, besides, that going to those remote lands wouldn't seem much catch to any section of the community – when Australia meant convicts – unless the emigration of some younger sons and daughters of the gentry gave a new look to what Professor Briggs would call the 'image'. But I don't want to say too much. Wakefield believed in the good qualities of the more enlightened members of his own class.

I may not have stressed these points sufficiently in my book, but I made them. During six years' work on the subject I read many writers on how they would have preferred Wakefield to *think*, without coming across a single criticism that struck me as valid of how – circumstances being what they were – he *acted*.

PAUL BLOOMFIELD

2 Thurlow Road, NW3

THEATRE CENSORSHIP

SIR, – Recently there was a fuss because the Lord Chamberlain banned a sketch about Mrs Kennedy from a new revue shortly to open in the West End, 'The Lord Chamberlain Regrets . . . !' His office gave this reason for the ban: 'We have to consider if a person who might be offended would be in a position to protest.'

The other evening I saw an out-of-town try-out of this revue, which duly omitted the Kennedy satire. It included, however, a sketch set in Moscow which featured Mrs Krushchev as a kind of amiable nitwit and contained many would-be barbed references to Mr Krushchev's enviable powers as a drinker of intoxicating spirits.

I for one have no objection at all to seeing Russia's Premier and first lady portrayed on the London stage as, respectively, a slob and a fool (though it is a pity that the sketch could not have been just a little funny, as well as thoroughly insulting), just as I should not object to seeing the mickey taken out of the US President's wife.

What I would like to know, however, is why the Lord Chamberlain permitted the one and not the other. Of course, we know that the Americans are our friends (even if, from time to time, they do little things to alarm us) and that our relationship with the Russians is not quite so warm. We know, too, that the Lord Chamberlain has this thing about not insulting foreign high-ups.

But surely, to make distinctions about which foreign high-ups are insultable and which are protected by a perpetual close season is a political judgment, and defenders of theatre censorship have always thrown up their hands in horror at allegations of political bias in the way the Lord Chamberlain exercises his democratic functions. So what can the explanation be? Maybe one of the Earl of Scarbrough's chums can enlighten us.

GERALD KAUFMAN

17 Southwood Avenue
London, N6

ACHESON'S RESIGNATION

SIR, – For a man who writes as an authority on American politics, Mr R. H. S. Crossman makes a curious error in his article on Mr Dean Acheson's book *Sketches From Life*. He states that Mr Acheson 'was dubbed soft on Communism by the McCarthyites and forced out of office'. Mr Acheson was never 'forced out of office' by McCarthy or anyone else. He resigned as Secretary of State when the administration of President Truman was succeeded by the administration of President Eisenhower. That was in accordance with normal American constitutional procedure. Mr Crossman ought to refresh his memory of American history.

ESTHER ARTHUR

5 Rue De Lille
Paris

LADIES AND GENTS

SIR, – On behalf of my sex, a heartfelt thank you for your plea for free public lavatories for women. There is no valid reason why we women should have to grovel for a penny, panic-stricken when an over-laden handbag contains every other coin – and many things beside – but won't yield a copper at the crucial moment. Why should this absurd sex inequality exist when it has been abolished in almost every other sphere?

STELLA FISHER

436 Strand, WC2

LORD BEAVERBROOK

In the issue of 23 June, the NEW STATESMAN carried a paragraph attributing to Lord Beaverbrook some dinner-table comments about President Kennedy and Britain's entry to the Common Market. Lord Beaverbrook, in a letter which we published, protested against the paragraph in question but did not in terms deny that he had spoken the words attributed to him. Since then we have inquired further into the episode and Lord Beaverbrook has provided us with certain additional information from which we conclude that the words in question were mistakenly attributed to him. We should, of course, have checked more carefully at the time and we apologise to Lord Beaverbrook for not having done so.

Horse sense in dog days

WHEN this advertisement appears, it may well start to rain and wash my pretty headline away. However, let's risk it.

For, temperatures apart, the 'silly season' is no more; it has gone, gone, gone with the giant gooseberry and the sea serpent (now scientificated in Loch Ness). As you and your neighbours head for Cornwall and the Costa Brava, the international pot will start to hiss and steam. Somewhere

else, if you're lucky . . . but many a jolly family holiday has been spoilt by tear-gas and the pyongg of ricochetting bullets.

No news is bad news

We are talking of grave matters, of course, but let me just go bravely on and leave the tears to you. News is always being made, at all times of the year. Should you ignore it? Only gaunt philosophers and little fluffy demi-mondaines succeed in this, and I can't believe you belong to either class. Once you have locked your front door and cancelled your daily papers, once you are launched on an uncertain sea of strange food and suntan lotion, you will *need* the news . . . not the BBC time-signal overheard through the window of a bungalow, not a crime passionel in Nice, but the *news*.

Keep your hooks on realities. There is a newspaper called The Observer which publishes on Sundays and can be read with profit and enjoyment then and thereafter. It posts brilliant correspondents to all corners of the globe, sends special envoys scuttling up and down the sidelines, catches news with strange prescience the second it happens, gives you the background, gives you moreover (a masterstroke) the pith and pertinence of everything that has taken place in the *previous* six days, while you were paddling and bullfighting.

A lifeboat for the holiday maker. Let me add that it wraps chips, absorbs beer, saves shoulders from sunburn, swats hornets, and is worth every peseta, lira or zloty or whatever is the equivalent of the tanner it costs you in Britain. Order it, and see that your orders are obeyed. J.B.L.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Miasma, Darkness and Torpidity

C. P. SNOW

For over 200 years, from the end of the 16th century to the beginning of the 19th, there were four universities in Scotland and two in England. Further, the content and intention of Scottish university education differed deeply from that of the English. Scottish education was much more like European, or the university education growing up in 18th-century New England. For one thing, the English pattern of specialisation was already set. In 18th-century Cambridge, if you had any academic hopes at all, you were neither given, nor did you expect, any choice: you just did mathematics.

In a society like ours, academic patterns change more slowly than any others. In my lifetime, in England, they have crystallised rather than loosened. I used to think that it would be about as hard to change, say, the Oxford and Cambridge scholarship examination as to conduct a major revolution. I now believe that I was over-optimistic.

The tendencies already visible 200 years ago are now ground in. English university education has pursued its singular path, at a price which has been apparent to moderately detached observers for a generation, and which less detached observers are just beginning to notice, when it may easily be too late. This admirable book by Dr Davie* is an account of how, in the 19th century, the Scottish universities were persuaded, coerced, bullied and argued, into something like English *pastiche*. Not that this process was straightforward. It is still not quite complete. Scottish education has taken a long time to become *gleichgeschaltet*, and the universities preserve vestiges of an intellectual system and policy radically dissimilar from ours.

At its core, the English policy is (a) to allow very few students into universities at all (b) to subject those few to courses of intense specialisation. The Scottish policy – in this respect like the American or Russian policy, or in fact the policy of all advanced countries except England – is (a) to regard university education as the normal thing for a high proportion of students (b) to provide courses of considerable generality.

Dr Davie firmly believes that (a) and (b) are linked. That is, if you really believe, as a matter of social faith, as Scotch, Russians and Americans do, that university education should be a democratic affair, then the education itself will inevitably become wider. If you believe, as the English do, alone in the world, that university education ought to be restricted, then equally inevitably the disciplines of study will become narrower and more professionalised.

Dr Davie is sure of this correlation. He is also sure that, of the two policies, the Scottish one is much more nearly right. I might say that I agree with him. For the crude purpose of making our kind of society work, for the subtler purpose of giving it some decent, democratic, spiritual health, I have no doubt that higher education has got to go deeper into the population than the English can even now begin to imagine. Without this, we shall be sick, and the Venetian shadow will deepen. It is, incidentally, no use telling me that the English first degree is the most difficult in the world, and that too few of our present tiny number of students are really up to it. Those propositions are in part true. But human existence was not created to keep up the standard of the English first degree.

Was it inevitable that the Scottish universities had to copy ours? It is quite arguable that in 1800 the University of Edinburgh was the best in Europe. It was, however, nothing like Oxford or Cambridge, and nothing like any university that the English have known since. The undergraduates came up as boys of 15 or 16. They were drawn from all over the society, and many of them were very poor. They must have lived, lodged and eaten very much like medieval students. Some of the teaching methods were also medieval. The professor himself lectured to the whole first-year class, and debates and oral quizzes were the means by which the young men showed their talent. The course consisted of three groups of subjects – classics, science (physics and mathematics), and philosophy (mainly metaphysics). Philosophy – and this was the Scottish oddity – was regarded as the master language, and both classics and science had to be discussed in its terms.

This system had some remarkable results. It produced a good many creative men: after all, this is how, a little later in the century, Clerk Maxwell was educated. It also developed a lot of high-level heavyweight intellectual ability in men forgotten now. Professional Edinburgh seems to have been stiff with able, disputatious, formidably-disciplined intellects. The controversies in Dr Davie's book were conducted by professors who are not even names to most of us: but the standard of intellectual power was astonishingly high. Certainly much higher than in any controversies in Cambridge at the same period. A good deal higher, probably, than in most educational controversies of the present day.

But there were weaknesses, which Dr Davie states, but tends to underplay. As one would expect, as was in fact unavoidable, the standard of professional attainment in both classics and mathematics was well below that of the best English specialists. That was the cost of non-specialisation.

It will, of course, always be the cost. A clever man at most American universities is, in my view, better educated than his English counterpart: but in professional terms, when he graduates, he is likely to be six or 12 months behind. The Scots paid not only for their non-specialisation, but also for their attempt at a philosophical synthesis. They taught mathematics to a lower level than Cambridge did, but they also taught it in a different fashion. The Cambridge mathematicians had already gone over completely to the Leibnizian algebraic methods, which were the forerunners of modern analysis. The Scots adhered stubbornly to the Newtonian geometrical methods. These methods contained concepts which could be put into words and which also fitted very comfortably into the Scottish philosophical discussions.

The English said the Scots were amateurs, distorting the subject for the sake of their intellectual system. The Scots said the English were obsessed with mechanical procedures and had no interest in the true intellectual life. Sir William Hamilton, the metaphysician, a tough and eloquent man, the strongest figure on the Scottish side in the great Edinburgh dispute of 1838 (he is not to be confused with the other Sir William Hamilton, the great Irish mathematician) argued vigorously on one notable occasion:

> If lectures in mathematics are to form a useful part of an academical system of a liberal education, the professor must possess so much literature and philosophy as will enable him to take a comprehensive view of the nature and relation of his subject, so as to accommodate the matter taught and the means of teaching it to the intellectual improvement of his pupils.

Getting into his stride, he went on:

> The process in the symbolic [algebraic] method is like running a railroad through a tunnelled mountain: that in the ostensive [geometrical] like crossing a mountain on foot. The former carries us, by a short and easy transit, to our destined point, but in miasma, darkness and torpidity. Whereas the latter allows us to reach it only after time and trouble, but flashing us with each turn with glances of the earth and of the heavens, while we inhale health in the pleasant breeze, and gather new strength at every effort we put forth.

Miasma, darkness and torpidity was Hamilton's view of Cambridge. Nothing shook his conviction that English academics were not only indifferent to, but actively disliked, any hint of a general idea or any sign of the generalising intellect.

Curiously enough, in their criticisms of each other, the English and Scots were pretty near right. On the particular issue of the teaching of mathematics, they were both wrong.

It was, and still is, hard not to be wrong: for we are faced with a conflict or opposition which can by its nature be mediated, but not finally reconciled. This being so, an adequately trained mind can do two things.

The first is to follow the *inner dynamic* of a subject as far as the mind can go. This means thinking about one thing in depth for a long time. The Cambridge mathematicians were right in seeing that the inner dynamics of mathematics was going to find its way through analysis: and that a mind wasn't going to get experience-in-depth through a mathematics which creative persons had abandoned (they were wrong in detail, though. G. H. Hardy used to say that the Cambridge mathematical tripos, through its competitiveness and its emphasis on mechanical tricks, killed mathematics in England during the whole of the 19th century).

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* *The Democratic Intellect*. By GEORGE ELDER DAVIE. *Edinburgh U.P.* 50s.

The second thing which the mind can do is diametrically opposite to the first. It is the ability not to think of one thing alone for a long time, but of one thing in relation to many others. In training and encouraging this ability, the Scots were dead right, and it accounts for the density and massiveness of the intellectual statements of Hamilton and his friends. In almost all formal English education, it has been singularly neglected: and its absence is responsible for a good many of our faults and mistakes. A foreign friend of mine used to say, rather sadly:

> You are an empirical people, and that I like. You are a clever people, at least as clever as anyone else. But so many of your clever people seem to have no substance in their minds. There is less intellectual exchange than in any country I know. Sometimes you think you are exchanging ideas: but all you are exchanging is intellectual gossip. Gossip. Nothing but that.

Our entire educational pattern tends to suppress this talent. But even in societies less specialised, more intellectual, than ours, no one is certain of the best way of training it. There is not much doubt that it flourishes most when there is a common system of intellectual conviction. One finds good examples of it among, say, Benedictine philosophers or scholars at the Gorki Institute of World Literature. To a lesser extent, but still effectively, Scottish metaphysics in the early 19th century served to glue the country's intellectual culture together.

Clearly we cannot revive Scottish metaphysics, period 1800. But, though we can patch and mend our educational system and remove its more anti-social follies, we shall still find it difficult to avoid educating for a set of skills, since a society like ours does not possess any common ground of intellect. One of the lessons of Dr Davie's book is that we had better recognise our disadvantages, if we are going to stand a chance of coping with them.

There is another lesson which applies to me personally. In my spare time, I happen to have been thinking and talking about some of the topics which, over 100 years ago, preoccupied these Scottish professional men. They too were worried about divisions in the intellectual life, the relation of intellectual people to society, and so on. Well, they delivered themselves at greater length than I should think appropriate; but, though I had not so much as heard of most of them until I read this book, there is precious little that I have managed to say on these matters which they did not say before.

A-bomb and After

Children of the Ashes. By Robert Jungk. *Heinemann. 25s.*

Refugee World. By Robert Kee. *Oxford. 15s.*

There is – or used to be – a Japanese theory that any poem about the A-bomb is a good poem. This might seem merely an extension of the older theory that any poem about the moon (or frog, or cherry blossom) was a good poem. But out with literary-critical arrogance! *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is said to have done good in the world.

In that sense, *Children of the Ashes* is a good book, we hope. It tells the story of Hiroshima and its citizens during the 15 years since the Bomb fell. Though based on 'diaries, reminiscences and verbal statements', much of it reads like a badly written novel. For instance, the fuss over Kazuo tearing up his Middle School reader (ah, a symbol!) nine days after the Bomb: 'the boy jumped to his feet and began to chase the scraps. As he did so, he yelled crazily'. 'Unprecedented' seems an unnecessary description of the 'horror and chaos' created by the Bomb.

Mr Jungk recounts the post-Atomic history of two individuals, Kazuo M. and Kawamoto. Kawamoto's story is touching, and serves to remind us that even the most zealous pacifists are not necessarily Communist agents. The story of Kazuo and the murder he commits is less pertinent, for similar things happen everywhere and at all times. Naturally Kazuo blames the Bomb – 'what was it that sent my life off the rails? It was that day, that sixth of August . . . Since then the whole structure of society has tottered' – but that is the privilege of a citizen of Hiroshima. The point about the A-bomb is not that it changed people's morals, but that it changed their bodies – into ash, in many cases. There is no sense in representing the Bomb as having much the same effect as juke-boxes or sexy magazines or crime films are said to have. The thing is, these bombs kill and maim, in mass, and indefinitely.

That the Bomb didn't in fact change morals, private or public, is demonstrated by the best part of this book, where Mr Jungk is dealing, not novelistically with personal stories, but documentarily with public affairs: the use made by politicians of Hiroshima as 'symbol'; the squabble over who was A-bomb Victim No. 1; the quarrel between Hiroshima and Nagasaki for equality of special treatment . . . The answer to this last problem, a very Japanese one, was to name Hiroshima 'City of Peace' and Nagasaki 'City of International Culture'.

It comes as no surprise that the 'Communist' smear should be applied to atom invalids still appealing for help ten years after the Bomb. But even by modern international standards the conduct of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission seems pretty revolting, conduct approaching in its more comic aspects body-snatching, and in its less comic, vivisection. The ABCC was founded in 1947 to study medical and biological effects of radiation. Patients were driven to it in fine American cars, their ills were carefully diagnosed, they were then told that this was a scientific institute and for treatment they must go to their own GPs. The American attitude was apparently that treatment of atomic sickness would be construed as atonement for dropping the Bomb. Since the ABCC was financed by the Atomic Energy Com-

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mission, the Japanese not unnaturally believed that they were being used – again, or still – as guinea-pigs. Mr Jungk is probably exaggerating, a little, when he says, 'the Hiroshima "atomic clinic" became a greater source of hatred than the bomb itself'.

Anyone who still thinks that defeat ennobles or victory ennobles or, in some way, enough nobility of some kind will survive atomic warfare to procure the continuation of our species should learn otherwise from this book. It is, in this sense, a good book, although its technique and its writing (or translation) partly obscure the fact.

Mr Kee's book is in the same category. He too feels obliged to offer us a 'readable' book, instead of letting the facts speak for themselves. 'His shirt was so white I stared in wonder at the cuffs . . . he instantly relaxed with all the unstuffy charm of the modern diplomat'. Wastage of space on such social-columny is the more perverse in that this short book is essentially a protest against the slow, cumbrous machinery of official refugee work. 'It was suddenly a great relief to know that someone professionally in the refugee business was still capable of feeling angry'. And Mr Kee is at his best when he doesn't let the smooth charm of the diplomats steal his anger.

He tells of a Ukrainian brought to Germany as a slave labourer in 1942, who is now married, with two young daughters, and still living in a refugee camp. The man was refused entry into America in 1950 because he had spent six months in prison for a black-market offence. On top of his six-months' sentence, Mr Kee remarks, the man and his family have been condemned to ten years in Bad Cannstatt. As we know, the big men of the last war, with war talents, are welcomed to America, and maybe even honoured by having a film made about them.

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'You can't just leave human beings lying about as if they were objects'. But the papers indicate every day the readiness of the world's leaders to sacrifice for the sake of remote principles the only thing that can give those principles meaning: human life. It seems almost ungrateful of Mr Jungk and his atom victims and Mr Kee and his refugees to complain of a little thing like being left lying about.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Crime and Race

Common Sense about Crime and Punishment. By C. H. ROLPH. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Common Sense about Race. By PHILIP MASON. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr C. H. Rolph has packed into his 175 short pages on crime and punishment a wide range of information and comment on many topics which have not often been brought together in such readable form. Even his chapters on the routine subjects of the quantity, the variety and the supposed causes of crime are salted with novel and instructive emphases. These include some shrewd and sceptical observations on inferences from the official yearly Criminal Statistics; a reminder that the alarming category of 'Offences of Violence against the Person' includes abortion, concealment of birth, causing death by dangerous driving, and 'assaults' not involving any violence at all; and the suggestion that insurance should be counted among the causes of crime. The best chapters are those on imprisonment and after-care, both written with some passion. In the first of these the author makes plain the appalling inadequacy of the arrangements for prison work which in many prisons occupies no more than two hours out of a waking 17; and in the second he exhibits in instructive detail the need for reform 'of the moral prison that engulfs the offender when he comes back again among us'.

Mr Rolph was clearly determined that this book should not be just one more plea for humanitarian reform of penal methods, supported by arguments which are intellectually cogent but acceptable only to those already convinced. No one who has heard or seen, say, Mr Nabarro MP, totally defeated in his advocacy of corporal punishment by cold intellectual argument, yet somehow incredibly emerging intact as a warm-hearted incarnation of the ordinary man's ordinary feelings can doubt that the presentation of the case for reform needs a supplement of fresh forms of persuasion. Yet in the laudable effort to understand and make contact with common feelings and motivations, Mr Rolph says some things which may confuse his cause, especially in his chapter on corporal punishment.

This chapter begins by setting out the few statistics needed to expose some still current myths, but it consists for the most part of descriptions of the cat, the birch, and of the way they are administered. There is also a long quotation describing the hideous sufferings of an 18-year-old sailor in Australia in the 1830s. It may be that rubbing the plain man's nose in the horrors will succeed where argument fails. But Mr Rolph comes dangerously near to saying that argument has no place, and he does actually speak here of the emotions as 'in the end our surest guide'. There seems nothing to support his statement that 'despite the carefully marshalled arguments' against flogging, its abolition as a court sentence in 1948 was 'essentially a victory for the emotions made possible because flogging human beings is recognisably disgusting and obscene'. Certainly the unanimous rejection of flogging by the Home Secretary's Advisory Committee last year was not a victory for the emotions but for rational argument, and should be acclaimed as such.

Finally, though it is important that the emotional basis, conscious and unconscious, of the desire for violent punishment should be understood, the reader who has just been told that flogging is 'disgusting and obscene' will be puzzled by the injunction that since there is a connection between sexuality and the appetite for violence, those who wish to see flogging abolished 'must contrive to see it as something natural, normal and human and not anathematise it as something bestial and disgusting'.

Elsewhere, the conclusion that 'statistically prisons are a failure' is inferred from the fact that though the regime in prisons has changed under the impact of reforms, the proportion of those who do not return to prison has for decades remained constant at about 80 per cent. This at the most could only show the failure of prison reform (in one of its objectives) and not the failure of imprisonment. This may be what Mr Rolph means, but the reader will have some difficulty in seeing that it is.

Mr Philip Mason's book on Race is a small masterpiece of lucid exposition and balanced argument. Written with a quiet, uncontrived elegance, it interprets and brings together in a most valuable synthesis the findings, and also the doubts, of the biologist, the geneticist, the psychologist and the social historian. The book could and should serve many other purposes besides that of enabling us to think more clearly and less dogmatically about racial distinctions and discriminations. There are half a dozen academic disciplines to which it would make an admirable preliminary. Anyone concerned to learn (or to teach) how the natural sciences and the humanities can be fruitfully conjoined should study these fascinating pages with special care.

H. L. A. HART

To Be Translated

Every Changing Shape. By ELIZABETH JENNINGS. *Deutsch.* 25*s.*

Modern Literature and Christian Faith. By MARTIN TURNELL. *Darton, Longman and Todd.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

'This is a study,' Miss Jennings explains, 'of poetic and mystical experience by a practising poet who is also a Catholic.' I respect, without enthusiasm, the scrupulous finish of Miss Jennings's poems, and a similar respect must be conceded to this her first critical opus. The approach, tentative, empirical and open-minded, contrasts favourably with Eliot's arrogant 'if you find that you must do without something, such as religious faith or philosophic belief, then you must just do without it.' The offensive object of Eliot's imperatives was Arnold's dictum, 'most of what now [1880] passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry' – to which the proper retort presumably is that it depends what you *mean* by the three terms. Miss Jennings is more inclusive. Of the non-Christian Wallace Stevens she can write acutely, 'to lay upon poetry, as Stevens does, all those things which other men have assigned to religion and philosophy, is a kind of enthronement of credence itself'. A credence, not a creed.

Miss Jennings's criteria are much the same as the Abbé Bremond's in *Prayer and Poetry* (which she discusses at some length): 'inspiration' for the poet, 'union with God' for the Christian. The happy ending which her argument is continually promising – though with her witnesses ranging from Augustine and Dame Julian of Norwich to Hart Crane and David Gascoyne (whom she reassesses convincingly) it never quite achieves it – is to be a demonstration of the identity of the two states *in kind*. To a non-Catholic reader, who is likely to have doubts and reservations about poetic inspiration as well as about God, the problem Miss Jennings's thesis poses is one almost of translation. Translated into Agnostic, as it were, what does 'inspiration' mean?

Are we perhaps entitled to reduce it to mere stylistic habit? (One learns to write as one learns to swim; in time their practice becomes largely unconscious.) 'Union with God' is more difficult to translate. But since for Miss Jennings *God* is synonymous with *reality*, perhaps its nearest equivalent is to be found in modern theories of perception, which is 'never an absolute revelation of "what is". Rather, what we see is a prediction – our own personal construction designed to give us the best possible bet for carrying out our purposes in action' (Itelson and Kilpatrick). In other words, if we are to avoid solipsism, a 'what is', humanly unseen and unknown, is logically implicit in each 'what appears'. Our predictions may improve, but in its totality *reality* (God) must remain extra-human, too 'dark' or too 'bright' for our eyes.

'There is in God', Vaughan wrote, 'A deep but dazzling darkness.'

> O for that night! when I in him
> Might live invisible and dim.

Miss Jennings calls Vaughan's couplet 'his most intimate avowal of a personal mystical union with God.' In fact, it is aspiration rather than avowal; as such the lines make excellent sense when translated into Agnostic. But the mystics themselves remain untranslatable – and so unavailable to us except as psychological cases – because a human 'union' (identification) with extra-human reality must humanise the extra-human. Mysticism, it seems, can only kill the God it loves. Poetry, even when it is as metaphysical as Vaughan's, is content to shed human tears, though its *personae* may include deities.

Martin Turnell's new book, originally three lectures, is less ambitious than its title might suggest. He has 'never cared for abstractions', he admits, and the short critical accounts he now provides of D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster and Virginia Woolf, on the one hand, and Claudel, Mauriac and Graham Greene, on the other, certainly show a sharp eye for literary detail. The issue of unbelief versus belief round which the 70 pages are organised is not much more than framework. At the public level the old opposition is becoming something of a pseudo-problem in this country. We all believe and disbelieve today; the rival metaphors of the vested interests barely disguise a wide range of ethical agreement, if not of moral behaviour.

F. W. BATESON

Capri Corn

The Exile of Capri. By ROGER PEYREFITTE. Translated by Edward Hyams. *Secker & Warburg. 18s.*

The Plastic Smile. By ROSALIE PACKARD. *Constable. 15s.*

The Quest. By FREDERICK KARL. *Heinemann. 18s.*

It's a Wise Child. By THOMAS CURLEY. *Barker. 15s.*

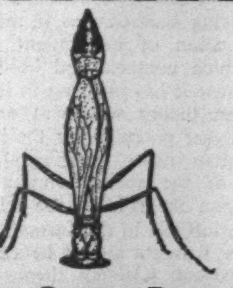
The Grave of Heroes. By JAMES CROSS. *Heinemann. 18s.*

When does detachment become evasiveness, and irony turn into mere ambiguity? One answer, in my view, is when they're deployed by Roger Peyrefitte. *Les Ambassades* and its sequel supposedly made fun of diplomatic protocol: but like most such attempts. including Lawrence Durrell's, they seemed pretty much impressed by the qualities they sought to deride. Great play was made, for instance, with the hero's patrician background; and one was clearly intended to be struck by the enormity of the goings-on. Peyrefitte's approach to the Church, in other books, seemed to mingle credulity with condescension; and in *Les Amitiés Particulières*, as in *The Exile of Capri*, the ordinary reader, unbriefed by the hominform, remains thoroughly puzzled about the author's attitude to homosexuality.

Ambiguity, indeed, surrounds even the central figure of the present book, Count d'Adelsward-Fersen; and unless you have special knowledge, you may not realise that the main outlines of the story are authentic. Fersen was a young French Edwardian poet who settled on Capri after being involved in a Parisian scandal, and committed suicide in 1923 at the age of 44. Was he a homosexual? It's hard to tell from this book – just as it's hard to tell whether Peyrefitte is thrilled, amused, bored, or filled with Olympian compassion when he contemplates the *tableaux vivants* of pretty schoolboys that were apparently mounted in Fersen's Paris flat. Cocteau, who weirdly contributes a Preface to this fictionalised biography or factualised novel, points out that it shouldn't be read as if it had been written to shock. 'May *The Exile of Capri*', he adds, 'serve to teach youth that beauty exists only if an inner beauty and hard work strive against and exorcize its arrogance; and that youth is an ephemeral privilege, not the attribute of a separate, hardy race setting itself up in opposition to the decaying race of the old.' Apt words – but for me they have little to do with the novel, which obliviously uses the term 'beauty' as camp cant, and while implicitly making a good case against persecuting homosexuals, does little to make them living or attractive figures. Add that the book gratuitously introduces a large number of real and distinguished people, including Rostand, Gide and Proust, and you'll perhaps forgive the remark that this Peyrefitte is getting too big for its boots.

Much less pretentious, and written with much more sparkle, is *The Plastic Smile* – a phrase that precisely describes my own reaction to *The Exile of Capri.* Rosalie Packard's title derives from Raymond Chandler, who calls it the smile people wear 'when they are trying not to scream'. In this book it's worn by Sara, a highly intelligent and debbily articulate girl with a smart, much-married mother, a remote and ineffectual father, and a jumbo-size guilt complex. She sheds it, and a selfish lover, under the care of Dr Kahn, a Harley Street analyst, and towards the end of the story she begins to like a reliable North-country metallurgist named Fred. This fact, and the unbelievable excellence of Dr Kahn, who's every neurotic's seeing-eye God, give the novel a faintly women's magazine air, enhanced by the smart Mayfair prattle. But the talk really is funny, and Sara's plight quite credible: from its soft defensive centre, Fred and Dr Kahn probably look just the dummies that they seem to the reader. With a less *chic* eagerness to please, and a less cosy desire for reassurance, Miss Packard might develop into a kind of rich woman's Kingsley Amis.

The Quest is by far the most serious of this week's novels, and it would have headed the list if it weren't so dull. I mean this as no final condemnation, however, since the dullness of Mr Karl's book is largely due to the sombreness of its subject. It opens with 'the Signora', a not particularly attractive Florentine woman, foraging for food in the later days of the war, under the Germans. She lives with her child and her lover, an anti-Fascist intellectual: their relationship deteriorates as she sees more and more his egotism and impracticality. The book includes shifting flashbacks to his past degradation and a patchy narrative of his expedition to find medicine and help behind the enemy lines, leading to even greater degradation, of which only 'the Signora' is aware. The book's language is awkward, and its Italian sometimes odd: it doesn't stick to the facts or even the probabilities of occupied Florence. But nevertheless, in its dogged, obsessed way it tells a great deal about the bleakness of exile, the barrenness of war, and the claustrophobic misery of hating one's own self.



animals as social beings

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By comparison, both the remaining books are lightweights. The first, *It's a Wise Child*, deserves a mention as a tense, economical first novel about a young man trying to find out about his past: it uses the tough, sexy, clipped conventions of the thriller in a half-successful attempt to say something about Philip Rahv's Palefaces and Redskins. Shades of *The Great Gatsby* creak and gibber off-stage, but Mr Curley should be less afraid of boring the Redskin reader. *The Grave of Heroes* is even more frankly a good holiday thriller in the Ambler tradition, mostly about Hispano-American exiles in Paris. Its backgrounds are carefully authentic, and it does its best to give star character billing to its Public Exile No. 1; but it quickly gets melodramatic when it enters what the blurb calls 'the sinister intricacies of international politics in Europe'. Put that Common Market down, child, you don't know where it's *been*.

RICHARD MAYNE

All at Once

Three Essays on the Painting of our Time. By ADRIAN STOKES. *Tavistock. 12s. 6d.*

Writings about the arts from the standpoint of psychoanalytic theory are notoriously beside the point. Jungians have sought to explain the mysteries of art through the invention of a further set of mysteries. Freudians have proceeded as if an Emily Brontë and a Daphne du Maurier were both doing the same kind of thing. They have of course been illuminating about the imagery of specific works of art, both fine and popular, but without reference to their aesthetic qualities. Some have been aware – Freud was, for one – of their ignorance of the sense in which art is not simply imagery. The fact remains that they have treated art as a means of conveying fantasies, as if the work were an illustration of its content and not an object which compels and holds the attention because it has meaning in itself.

Kleinian theory would at once seem to have a higher potential for the interpretation of art than other psychoanalytic theories because of the special emphasis which it places upon the role of the relation of the ego to its objects in the formation of psychical states. It might almost be said that, if art hadn't existed, Kleinian theory would have had to invent it as something providing an ideal form of relationship between the self and external objects. Nevertheless, realisation of this potential has been left to Mr Stokes, who was known as one of the most original and profound of modern writers on art long before he started to make use of psychoanalytic concepts. There seems an obvious moral to be drawn from this.

Mr Stokes's application of Kleinian concepts rests upon one quite simple intuition which, unlike most all-embracing intuitions about art, does seem relevant to all particular experiences of art – that aesthetic experience reconciles two opposite forms of object-relationship, combined in varying proportions, 'the one a very strong identification with the object, whether projective or introjective, whereby a barrier between self and not-self is undone, the other a commerce with a self-sufficient and independent object at arm's length'. What makes Mr Stokes a difficult writer – difficult to read for many, difficult to understand for all – is not an opaqueness in his basic concepts (once certain technical terms like 'introjection' are understood); it is rather the new subtlety and the unfamiliarity of his method.

Writers on art are generally expected, like bridge-players, to announce their conventions and stick to them – the conventions being those, for example, of iconology or of history of style or of social history or of criticism, and so on. Mr Stokes seems an esoteric writer because he refuses to dismember the experience he is writing about, makes the several elements which co-exist in the experience co-exist in his writing. He draws no clear distinction between physical description of the work and discussion of the spectator's response to it. Again, when the overt topic is subject-matter, he seems really to be talking about style, and when the overt topic is style, seems really to be talking about subject-matter. This perpetual inter-relating of form and meaning is linked to an extraordinary imaginative insight into the reciprocal flow between art and life, what I mean by 'life' being not so much the particular social, cultural and intellectual background of particular works of art (any competent modern art historian deals with this) but enduring human habits and needs and gestures and other commonplace phenomena which others take so much for granted that their relevance remains unnoticed. Mr Stokes has a genius for seeing the obvious.

I am thinking, for example, of his suggestion that the relaxed athletic grace which is characteristic of the figures in much Venetian painting, notably in Titian and Tintoretto, may have derived from daily observation of the actions of gondoliers. My point, though, is not merely that Mr Stokes shows us connections as unforgettable as this, but that the sense of connection is present in his writing all the time. As he talks about any one facet of a work, there are overtones and undertones which somehow always keep us in mind of its other facets, of its wholeness. The texture of his writings is analogous to the texture of our actual experience of art.

I feel that perhaps the best indication I can give of the burden of Mr Stokes's new book – his first on 20th-century art – is to say that it is in effect a development of the remark thrown out and expanded very briefly in his previous book that 'modern art, the art typical of our day, is the slang, so to speak, of art as a whole, standing in relation to the Old Masters as does slang to ordinary language'.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Ireland and India

Celtic Heritage. By ALWYN REES and BRINLEY REES. *Thames & Hudson. 50s.*

There are those who regard myths as garbled history and those who suppose them to be the spontaneous products of the primitive imagination. But it is now widely recognised by scholars that they are sacred stories, stories which bring prosperity by their telling; that they were developed over many centuries by the priestly sages of the ancient East; and that they are closely linked with the long and complex rituals which played so large a part in the ancient religions. The authors of this book have sought to locate the mythological tales of the Celts, and particularly of the Irish, in the world of mythology as described by such scholars as Hocart, Coomaraswamy and Dumézil. It is clear that these tales have a close connection with India and the ancient East, not only because of resemblances in the tales themselves, but because of the resemblances between the social systems of India and Ireland which the authors are able to detect in the tales. To those brought up in the belief that the Indian caste system, with its four main divisions into the three 'twice-born' groups of priests, warriors and farmers and the fourth low-caste group of artisans and musicians, originated in a colour bar, it may come as a surprise to learn not merely that the same system existed in ancient Ireland, but that it formed the basis of a mythological geography of that country. Connaught was associated with the priestly class, Ulster with the warriors and Leinster with the farmers, these being the free classes, while Munster was associated with serfs and musicians.

The authors classify and analyse the tales, showing that they all deal in one way or another with the relations between human beings and the gods, ghosts and fairies of the mysterious 'otherworld' in which everything is the opposite of what it is in this. They explain why recital of the tales is believed to bring prosperity, and why riddles play such an important part in ritual and in the relations generally between man and the supernatural. The book is admirably written and can be warmly recommended to all interested in social origins.

RAGLAN

Old Bloods

Goodbye to the Bombay Bowler. By PETER FLEMING. *Hart-Davis. 15s.*

Babbled of Green Fields. By DENZIL BATCHELOR. *Hutchinson. 25s.*

In the kind of homes about which both Mr Fleming and Mr Batchelor write there is almost sure to be a guest-room, and somewhere in it not perhaps a bookcase but at least a pair of book-ends. Between them both these slim volumes should fit very snugly.

Mr Fleming indeed, is probably represented there already; he is the most eligible of authors. *Goodbye to the Bombay Bowler*, in any case, is merely the last of a trilogy gathered from his former work as Strix in the *Spectator*. The friends are old ones and the surroundings are familiar. Brigadier Bernard Fergusson makes two appearances (once to drop 'an insolent message' from a helicopter), Nanny has a china ornament with 'present from Weymouth' on it, and 'worthy fusspots' of civil servants query the perfectly understandable ordering of a wartime special train to get from Inverness to London. Meanwhile the main business of life is carried on: in 40 afternoons of rough shooting Colonel Fleming boasts rather endearingly of having 'killed just over one hundred pheasants (almost all cocks), seven partridges, eight woodcock, nine hares, one snipe and a few pigeons'. It is all very amiably and lightly done – so much so that it seems almost churlish to stand upon ceremony and question why one of the harshest things to be said in this book of humorous essays should be about an unfortunate War Office interviewing officer who 'was so knock-kneed that he could hardly walk straight, let alone climb mountains or swim under water'. The temptation is to dismiss it as all part of Colonel Fleming's period charm.

Mr Batchelor's assumptions in his autobiography are, however, much more explicit. There is a vigorous defence of boxing, an atmosphere of the locker-room clings to many of the remarks about women, and there is an almost pathetic anxiety to assure the reader that Trent College in Derbyshire is a public school. Almost half the book consists of various reflections about sports and games – and the reader is apparently expected to whet his appetite on such introductory comments as 'After nearly 30 years there are certain points that I should like to make about that rubber'. At times he could perhaps be forgiven for thinking that he had had the misfortune to bump into the ancient mariner.

Yet the first autobiographical part of Mr Batchelor's book is entertaining enough He writes buoyantly about Australia ('I suppose no broadcaster was more widely or frequently heard than I was'), and in a slightly more maudlin vein about England ('Looking back, I would say that I have as often as not been as good as anyone on any panel on which I have appeared . . but nowadays I am less frequently called on than ever'). Rather ruefully Mr Batchelor recalls a prediction made to him by Sir Hugh Walpole: 'the spark will die in you' And that, he seems to accept, is what has happened.

If it did, it is hard to know where things began to go wrong. Perhaps, though, considering the trend of the times, it was at the very beginning. In a moment of frankness (and even of some guilt) Mr Batchelor recalls that as an *Isis* Union reporter he had once 'shown ingenuous surprise at a Jew regarding himself as an Englishman'. It was apparently at moments like these that the then editor of *Isis* was 'always ready to be one's cool supporter' The editor's retort on this occasion was to print a dainty drawing of the cottage where, it was suggested, the injured undergraduate had been born. That cool editor was Peter Fleming.

ANTHONY HOWARD

Virtuosi

The Temptation of Don Volpi. By ALFRED HAYES. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The Pattern of Perfection. By NANCY HALE. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

The Proverb. By MARCEL AYMÉ. *Bodley Head.* 16*s.*

The short story seems to attract writers who are obsessed with technique. One reason, I imagine, quite apart from the lack of outlets, why British writers seem to neglect it. Certainly the *tour de force* is now frowned on as never before. Alfred Hayes, however, is an American, and an unabashed virtuoso. I remember his novels, *In Love* and *My Face for the World to See*, as being in line of descent from Constant's *Adolphe* – concentrated, bone-bare narratives. They had a nervous, high-pitched quality which made them at once impressive and a bit wearing. Much the same is true of the three long stories in his new book. Two of them are failures. The title story, about an Italian priest fighting his feeling for a commonplace woman who was his mistress before he took orders, never quite comes alive. Hemingway's shadow broods over it, and it bursts into unconvincing melodrama towards the end. Another story is frankly a mess. But the remaining one, *The Gondola*, shows how well virtuosity can pay off. In an odd way, it owes something to Chandler. The hero is a decent, stodgy lawyer who is investigating, for conscience' sake, a possible miscarriage of justice in the case of two negroes condemned for raping a white girl. He has just caught up with the girl, who, with her white lover, has gone to ground immediately after the trial. Both are stupid and brutal. Gradually the stupid, brutal truth comes out. Hayes asks quite specifically (as Chandler does) what truth and justice amount to. He also asks what binds two people together, in loving or in lying. And he does it with superb deftness of narrative technique. I don't know which I admire more in this story, the elegance or the power.

Nancy Hale, another American, can't produce anything to touch this. She is a specialist in the relationships between parents and children, and is deft and crisp. She has a deadly ear for dialogue, and a deadly eye for social nuances. In fact, she reminds me a bit of Angus Wilson. But it's here, I think, that I begin to be disappointed. She seems to feel, as many American short story writers do, that mere accuracy and economy and wit are enough – that we've no right to ask for more. You never get, as you do with Wilson's stories, the feeling for context. Wilson implies a whole society, and makes, by implication, some kind of judgment on it. This Miss Hale can't quite bring herself to do. At the last moment she draws back, muttering 'after all people are like that.' She never asks the fatal question – how did they get to be like that?

Marcel Aymé is an exponent of a different tradition of short-story writing. He is very French. Self-consciously so. This I find a bit irritating. Too many of the stories drag in references to *pissoirs* and so forth – at all costs, Aymé is determined to be salty. This is a pity, as he is basically an admirable fabulist, not interested in character but very good at constructing a narrative that makes a moral point. Often the points are a bit obvious, however, and I wish he wouldn't ogle one quite so often while he's working up to them.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

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Long extracts from The Emlyn Williams Story will be published, starting this Sunday, in

THE SUNDAY TIMES

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Requiem for an Art

FRANCIS NEWTON

Francis Newton and David Drew discuss Death of a Music? *by Henry Pleasants (Gollancz, 21s.)*

Good manners and a certain grief (as when one has to refer to the failing faculties of an old friend) prevent much discussion of the bankruptcy of most orthodox arts in our time. The crisis, which echoes that of the modern western society with which they grew up, is threefold. It is a formal crisis, which springs from the apparent exhaustion of certain key technical conventions such as representationalism in painting and tonal harmony. It is a technological crisis, due to industrial revolution: new materials and methods (methods of reproduction, for example) and the sheer increase in the mass consumption of the arts have transformed the creative situation. Newly invented arts, such as the photographic ones, have annexed a great deal of territory formerly in traditional hands. Lastly, it is also a crisis in the relations of artist and public.

Anyone who draws attention to this crisis is performing a public service, for there are still too many who argue as though there were nothing wrong with the arts which a little more effort on the part of the broad masses could not cure. This will not do at all. The historical gap between audience and composer, which allows a Schoenberg to be called 'modern' (i.e. strange and largely incomprehensible) after 50 years, is unprecedented. And while at least one minority art, the theatre, is today keenly aware that it must somehow break out of its impasse, the champions of contemporary classical music do not appear to be so. Henry Pleasants's stimulating and superficial book has many weaknesses. But at any rate he manages to shout loudly that the Emperor has lost his clothes.

His diagnosis of the trouble is less satisfactory. Indeed, his concentration on 'popularity' and his failure to distinguish clearly between the problem of social communicability and the fact of box office is harmful to his argument, as well as vulnerable. Thus Pleasants's case for jazz against modern 'serious' music cannot rest on the box office superiority of jazz, for it has none. (At present the top classical concerto is about one-third higher in the US sales charts than the top 'pure' jazz LP.) It rests rather – as he recognises – on the possibility that serious art in the living jazz idiom will from time to time capture the masses: as Schubert did often, the musicians of 1900-1914 sometimes, but the serialists never.

For similar reasons his attempt to fit the Emperor with new clothes also fails. That jazz is the most original achievement of American music is obvious. That Ellington and Parker are world champions of their kind, while Copland and Piston are in the minor leagues of theirs, needs to be said. That jazz is small but *heavy* music and not light music should go without saying. But none of this – and perhaps it is as well that a jazz critic should say so – means that jazz is anything but formally very limited, its limits being set by the very things which, as a semi-folk art, make it immune to the crisis of music in middle-class civilisation. The blues, for instance, is a superb musical invention of our century, and 40 years of daily mass use have not exhausted it. It has absorbed the most daring technical innovations without breaking the bridge to the mass public. But no attempt to escape from its 12-barred cage has really succeeded. Its possibilities of development are those of the Chinese vase, but not those of the cathedral, and it therefore cannot replace the ruined cathedrals of the classical tradition.

Pleasants further weakens his case by claiming far too much for the general pop-music idiom within which jazz exists. True, cultural snobbery has underrated its melodic merits and competence. Tin Pan Alley at its best would be ashamed to produce music as dim as that which we accept for *Giselle*. But it is no use saying that Rossini and Donizetti were the Berlin and Kern of their day, which is true in several important ways, without also saying that *Don Pasquale* is something more than *Showboat*. Nor will it do to slur over (as Pleasants does) the mechanised mass production of music which dominates the modern pop industry. It is a good thing to point out that modern popular music, with its craftsmen working to order and its unassuming professional *Gebrauchsmusik*, is much nearer to the 18th century than to the 19th-century bourgeois romanticism about geniuses expressing nothing but themselves which still determines much thinking about the arts – Richard Wollheim's essay on Socialism and Culture, for example. But even here we must distinguish between hack work and the real stuff.

Yet, as Pleasants sees, there is a sense in which jazz can be used against contemporary orthodoxy, in spite of a regrettable though perhaps inevitable tendency for avant-garde jazz musicians to adopt its conventions. It is an art which refuses to recognise the distinction between the creator, the executant and the appreciator; between individual and collective creation; between art as a separate embellishment of the private life and art as an element in everyday social activity. It is tough, live and resistant, and its avant-garde can still pay its way without patronage or subsidy. It has not the scale or architectonic capacity which have made the cinema into the major art of our century, but at its best it has great force and depth. It has not yet found itself. But perhaps Pleasants is right even in his excessive defence of the Broadway musical; for like the Italian musical tradition which it rather resembles, it may well be that jazz will one day break into the form of a major art through mixed and – as far as the music goes – formally unexacting genres like ballet, musical and sound-track.

But it has not yet happened, and until it does jazz can show the classicists not what they ought to do, but merely – though this is crucial – that there are other ways of developing a living and serious art than the one which grew up with middle-class society and is dying with it.

Refusal to Mourn

DAVID DREW

It is time the child who thought he knew all about the Emperor's new clothes was given a sharp reprimand and expelled from our mythology, for he was a little prig and knew less than anyone. The Emperor may have had no clothes and the courtiers no scruples, but only the child had no imagination. One expects better from a child.

What one expects from Mr Pleasants depends upon the weight given to the question mark in the title of his book; though in fact it has no weight. The book is a premature coroner's report based on the argument: the Emperor has no clothes, therefore he must freeze to death. But one of the fundamentals of criticism is the law of *habeas corpus*, and theorists about the arts who *begin* by arguing from Marx or (like Mr Pleasants) Spengler and assume what they should first have proved – the demise of expressive conventions such as the tonal system or representational art – should be asked to produce the body and show that life is extinct.

Many volumes twice the size of Mr Pleasants's book could be filled with nothing but lengthy music examples showing the exact opposite of what he assumes. His own book is conspicuously free of music examples and its most striking feature is the way the discussion of any concrete musical experience is avoided. Literate and well-organised, it is the ideal gift for intelligent people who have always been bored by music without knowing why. The pages are littered with the names of composers and their works, but the only value judgment in the whole of the first part of the book is implied by an alarming list of ballet scores which the author considers 'the century's most notable and successful music'. Otherwise the book is all theorisation – 'music in the head'.

The tragedy is that we do have a contemporary musical crisis; yet by touching every vital issue from the outside, without coming into contact with music itself, Mr Pleasants and his kind merely aggravate the situation and play a far more dangerous role than the poorest composer. The most elaborate extra-musical construction may be put on the situation – for instance, the Hegelian socio-philosophical one which T. W. Adorno pioneered so magnificently in the 1920s – provided that it starts out from the anatomy of music and the musical experience. Anything else is at best journalism, and at worst sheer dilettantism. Despite its would-be technical and musicological excursions, Mr Pleasants's book is essentially a bundle of journalistic squibs, in which even the factual reporting is tendentious.

Death of a Music? is the sterile progeny of wholly positive ideas advanced over a quarter of a century ago by Gilbert Seldes in his book *The Seven Lively Arts*. The difference between those two books is a more convincing demonstration of a historical decline than any of Mr Pleasants's Spenglerian arguments – a decline not in music itself, but in the humane values of criticism. In this respect, the no-nonsense middlebrowism of *Death of a Music?* belongs to the same cultural debris as the more obviously nonsensical avant-gardism of André Hodeir's recent tract, *Since Debussy*.* Both books use the tools of music-appreciation (itself a highly suspect invention of our time) for purposes of music depreciation. A sequence of wholly inept and destructive assessments of contemporary music is made to function as a kind of black ceremonial carpet down which the white saviour is to tread – in Mr Pleasants's case jazz, in Mr Hodeir's, a composer named Jean Barraqué. In neither book is the living body of musical experience, the concrete musical text, touched upon. It is all showmanship – a massive, and in Hodeir's case maladroit, display of sleight-of-hand. I do not know M. Barraqué's work, but his worst enemy could not wish him to be produced as the trump in this kind of whist-drive.

Much can be said for jazz in a small way, but Mr Pleasants's Hosannahs demean rather than glorify it, and when he attempts to produce an article of faith – for instance, his distinction between jazz and classical rhythm – the result is a definition which has a suitably sophisticated liturgical form, being both sonorous and easily repeated, but no active substance whatsoever. There is nothing which he says about the 'structural tensions' of jazz rhythm which cannot be said of many forms of music from Machaut to the rhythmic innovators of the present day (not forgetting Schoenberg's momentous contributions to rhythm, which are far more seriously misunderstood than the relatively trivial problems of jazz rhythm which Mr Pleasants impressively claims are 'not always understood, even by jazz musicians').

The whole tenor of Mr Pleasants's argument suggests nothing so much as an attempt to rationalise boredom: that is the ugly background to its ostensibly healthy aggressions. His concept of a stagnating repertoire is the merest projection, and it has no relevance to the eternally exciting potentialities of a situation in which the rediscovery of works by great masters, the reassessment of misunderstood masters, and the establishment or important marginal figures, ensures a constant process of renewal. Likewise, Mr Pleasants's picture of the contemporary composer wrapped up in himself and heedless of his audience is a hoary old *idée reçue* which can only be supported by reference to composers of less than representative significance. The fact that he cheerfully quotes Honegger while ignoring Stravinsky and Schoenberg, and cites Piston and Wallingford Riegger without mentioning Ives is evidence of his standards of evaluation, and incidentally an unwitting reminder that the real crisis of music in our time and the real split in our musical culture occurs below the level of original and important achievement. And of course the place where the contemporary crisis is most apparent and a socio-political analysis most applicable are at the extremes of our musical culture – in the commercially subsidised avant-garde, which would never have taken its present form without such a subsidy, and in the commercially dominated field of popular music, which Mr Pleasants proclaims as his Garden of Eden.

In the Empire of music it is worse to wear a uniform than to go naked with imagination, worse still to pretend that a few badges give your uniform individuality, but worst of all to set fire indiscriminately to the Imperial robes and to everyday apparel, in order to prove that critical fire-engines are necessary and that we'd all be much safer if we lived by the Mississippi or the East River.

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* *Secker & Warburg. 30s.*

Rural Dean

JONATHAN MILLER

East Of Eden has been revived at the Warner Cinema, Leicester Square. In the light of events, this film carries an uncanny dramatic irony. Here, in Kazan's adaptation of Steinbeck's novel, the shade of a rural Dean acts out the emotional tensions which led to his own death shortly afterwards. It is a sort of posthumous abreaction which the patient is in no position to enjoy. Most actors try to smuggle their personal problems into the roles they play, thereby hoping to unpick some of their own psychic knots. Dean was never so surreptitious. He came to each part, dressed as he was, and hijacked the other players to help him dramatise his own predicament. *East Of Eden* is perhaps the most compelling example of this process and the knowledge of his subsequent car-smash edges the thing in black and gives it mortal depth. Steinbeck's tendentious story, with its heavy, uninformative symbolism, is only rescued from complete absurdity by Dean's piracy and Kazan's bravura direction. The film only holds the attention because Dean has captured it and turned it over to his own uses.

Rebel Without a Cause was salvaged in rather the same way; and the problems of the two heroes were almost identical. In both cases Dean plays a young romantic injured by a world which cannot accept his love. His difficulties are often seen the other way round: his scowl, the lonely, skulking lope, the tantrums and the sudden cackles of startled laughter are usually put down to incapacities of his own. In *East of Eden*, however, one of the crucial scenes and one of the best comes when he is thwarted in his effort to show love to his father, the old man recoiling in shocked embarrassment. Julie Harris has a tender, probing delicacy as the girl who finally reaches him. The film, under Kazan's hand, is big and sassy, full of generous visual effects. There is a remarkable scene in the loft of a warehouse with Dean's baleful eye squinting, red-rimmed with envy, at his brother and fiancée between great, dripping lumps of ice. One remembers, too, the sparkle of the opening shots in Monterey, and the portentous chiaroscuro of the brothel, with its dark, uterine corridor down which Caleb crawls to discover his mother.

At the Cameo Polytechnic is Philippe de Broca's *Infidelity*. This is a crisp, aphoristic piece made in the same idiom as *La Ronde*. The theme is adultery, cast here in the form of a brisk and heartless quadrille. Jean-Pierre Cassel gives a sharp performance as the facetious gigolo who is bounced like a shuttlecock between the young nymphomaniac wife, Jean Seberg, and Micheline Presle as the elegant, spiteful couturière. François Perrier completes the quartet as the cuckold. His is the most substantial performance: he is a garlicky Hancock who suddenly gives the film a disconcerting twist with the moment of self-ridicule when he discovers his wife's infidelity. There is not an ounce of fat on this film; no sentiment whatever.

Billy Wilder's *Double Indemnity* rides again at the National Film Theatre. I found this film surprisingly dull, being preoccupied with the strangeness of Barbara Stanwick. The Forties were a dubious time for women, the fashions making them only marginally different from men Wide, pointed shoulders, flat chests and clumping, kinky shoes. The heroine's assertively feminine platinum wig merely confirms one's suspicions of a ghastly sex change, and one hardly believes that anyone would risk the chair for a woman like this. There is, however, a memorable performance from Edward G. Robinson, whose harsh tirade on the statistics of suicide has a jarring documentary note, and some nice, laconic Chandler dialogue, which retains its charm even after a reading of Perelman's 'Somewhere a Roscoe Barked'.

Anti-Mandarins

CLEMENT CRISP

This is a summer for looking at national dancing – not those bogus peasants who dash in, all roguishness and temperament, from Eastern Europe or Spain – but dancing that has revealed what Russian, American and British companies understand by that ambiguous term 'ballet'. The Kirov brought artists supremely trained in a great tradition, though their one modern work, *The Stone Flower*, was disappointingly dated. The home team seemed characteristically muddled: the Royal Ballet maintained (as a national company must) their preoccupation with the classics; Festival Ballet mounted a Soviet work compounded of candy-floss and moth-balls; and it was only Madame Rambert's gallant band who showed, with the ballets of Norman Morrice, an awareness of the present-day world as a source of inspiration for dancing.

Then Jerome Robbins arrived last week with his *Ballets: USA* – dancing that is as clearly part of the present as Loie Fuller was of the Art Nouveau period. Robbins, in fact,

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typifies the mid-century American dance: his choreography has a muscular brio, a virtuosity, an air of improvisation, which makes it a kind of counterpart to jazz. The emotional climate is 'cool' and throwaway, but even on this return visit their vitality (after the formal restraint of much of the ballet we see) is exhilarating; only in the new work, *Events*, does the urgency of what Robbins is trying to say – the theme is atomic disaster – seem ill-assorted with the jazz style.

As an academic choreographer Robbins is associated with Balanchine, the supreme classicist of our time, but he has found inspiration for much of his work in the rich traditions of American popular music and dancing, and he puts the aptitudes of his dancers, born to the jazz manner and reacting instinctively to its rhythms, to admirable use. These dancers are direct and lucid, and are without haughtiness or chi-chi; their personalities seem submerged in their director's – 24 Trilbies to one Svengali. Like Robbins himself, they are equally happy on Broadway or in a ballet company, and Robbins is thus able to project his very personal idiom with complete assurance.

He has a fine gift as a manipulator of movement, and an even finer sense of stage effect: his *Afternoon of a Faun* is a piece of masterly theatrical know-how: the choreography is something less than masterly, but it succeeds because of the precision with which an atmosphere has been evoked. And it casts an interesting light on Robbins's method: *Faun* has its roots in old-fashioned ballet – an early Diaghilev work – but it has been renovated and made exciting. The original version had degenerated into a dank affair that probably contained more of what people hate about ballet than any other piece extant; Robbins turns it into a poetic meeting between a young couple in a dance studio. The sensuous feeling of the music is retained, but there is no longer a *danseur* attitudinising in dappled tights and fancy *maquillage*, and that business with the scarf is *out*.

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AMERICA,
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It is the theatrical acuteness of Robbins's work that is so amazing; he seems now to be creating dances for that wider audience who are not prepared to bother with what they may consider the 'artificiality' of ballet, but are ready to enjoy a contemporary idiom expressing matters of immediate relevance. Robbins even provides them with a joke, *The Concert*, which cocks a frantic snook at the conventions of ballet: a 'classical' sextet is savaged by girls who always do the wrong movement, the *Sylphides* prelude, which has occasioned some of the most winsome tip-toeing since 1909, now accompanies a man farcically trying to murder his wife. Jokes like these, and they are very good ones, are characteristic of what may well be Robbins's dislike of the pretensions and the mandarin qualities of ballet (which are in any case alien to the American dance tradition), and its remoteness from the everyday world.

Robbins is the least remote of choreographers: he has made a dance vocabulary that is direct and popular, which deals with the substantive problems of the time: problems of minority groups, racial intolerance, the search for emotional security. The new *Events* is his most ambitious ballet to date, a 25-minute tour of the tensions of urban society, with an atomic attack as its climax. It is not a complete success, but it is unmistakably apposite, and audiences will react strongly.

Sans Everything

ROGER GELLERT

After the arguable heights of *Luther* last week, this week has been bottom-of-the-barrel in the London theatre. On consecutive nights we were treated to a new Whitehall farce and a new Slade-Reynolds musical.

The Whitehall is a bizarre place. Its seats are little padded cells, serried and severe; the feeling is midway between a gospel hall and a giant roller-coaster seating hundreds, ready, one feels, to plunge forward towards a curtain of riveting ugliness, fat zigzags of mercilessly juxtaposed pink, yellow, brown, green and black. The audience is perpetual Bank Holiday. They have come to laugh, and laugh they will, even if – perhaps especially if – the bill should have had to be unavoidably switched at the last moment to *Oedipus Rex*. The new offering is in fact called *One for the Pot*, and the programme is accordingly shaped like a teapot. Its plot, an improbable but nothing-if-not-inventive one about a northern industrialist's fortune being sued for by identical twins, who later swell into triplets and finally quadruplets (all played by Brian Rix), hardly bears close analysis, nor do I think Mr Rix, for all his prodigious adroitness, is a particularly gifted comic. But once one becomes attuned to the low music-hall level of wit, the absurd spectacle has its charm, and some of the Whitehall team are splendid, notably Leo Franklyn, Terry Scott and Larry Noble. On its own terms this is a crude but agreeably professional entertainment.

Which brings us to the Vaudeville, where *Wildest Dreams* vainly flaps its tinsel wing. Having for so long used the name of Slade to beat others with, I am somewhat at a loss when brought face to face with the Great Original himself. And is it worth while, after all, to break this codling moth of musical comedy on the critical wheel? I am not sure. But perhaps there is a point where namby-pamby, skipping silliness, snobbish gentility and ingrown virginity become positively obscene. The Slade-Reynolds canon is the tittering negation of almost every decent human quality: soulless, mindless, heartless, gutless, witless and sexless. When Slade's teenagers get merry on white wine they romp in the garden singing 'We'll never, never, never go to bed' – and, by God, they mean it.

Elegiacs

DAVID DREW

In its production of the new Henze-Auden-Kallman opera *Elegy for Young Lovers*, Glyndebourne reversed the usual premiere procedure, and had the composer conduct the last rather than the first performances. The earlier performances were entrusted to Mr John Pritchard, whose ability to set the wheels of a difficult modern score in motion and keep them running smoothly is probably unequalled in this country. His performances of *Elegy* were an excellent piece of engineering, which had only one notable breakdown: the big orchestral interlude before the final scene.

The structural weight which is laid on that interlude is increased by the fact that the scene into which it originally led was cut from the production. On the most elementary expressive level, it is a traditional storm interlude, in which motival means are employed to suggest an analogy between the fury of the elements and the earlier rage of the Poet Mittenhofer. Henze follows the example of *Wozzeck* in making his last interlude the culmination of the entire motival structure of the work. On neither the expressive nor the formal level did this intensification convince in the Pritchard performances; but under Henze the purpose of the interlude was made clear. The bridge held.

Günther Rennert's production of *Elegy* provided some slight excuse for the member of the audience who rashly remarked that the libretto would make a good straight play. It has the stylishness one expects from Rennert, but it was not in any real sense operatic. It relied almost exclusively on the conventions of the naturalistic theatre (spendidly sustained by Lila de Nobili's decor) and this approach seems even to have affected the singer's interpretation of Henze's speech-stylisation. Often, where Henze deliberately and wisely contradicted the natural cadence of speech, the singers were allowed to put it back again, with unhappy results. All this was in accordance with the staging and acting, which – in attempting a false realism – found no warmth and lost all credibility.

The drama and characterisation of the opera admittedly has many weaknesses. The central figure of the Poet is hardly credible by any standard, though a great actor might make him so. The role of the mad-sane old widow Hilda Mack suffers from Henze's precarious assumption that a certain style of vocal writing may be used as a kind of block-characterisation of her visionary moments, divorced from her 'saner' musical personality. Above all, there is the opera's fatal conclusion, with Mittenhofer silently mouthing the words of his 'Elegy for Young Lovers' while the other dramatic figures, who 'inspired' the poem, vocalise unseen. Apart from the fact that this contradicts the whole dramatic convention of the opera, it calls for something like a condensed Mozartian finale, with counterpoint dramatically characterised. Henze merely supplies a superior version of the Hollywood celestial choir, with a shifting ostinato accompaniment. The individuals are lost at the very point where it is vital that we should remember them.

So far from seeking to mollify the effect of these failures, the production accentuated them. The role of Mittenhofer was irretrievably miscast. Miss Dorothy Dorow, who bravely played Hilda Mack, was required to do things that would daunt an experienced theatre actress; and the production of the final scene was the exact opposite of what was needed to save it from total disaster.

If *Elegy for Young Lovers* is to return to the Glyndebourne repertory, there is already a basis for a fine production in the singing of Elisabeth Söderström and André Turp as the young lovers, Kerstin Meyer as Mittenhofer's secretary and Thomas Hemsley as his doctor. But the production must be reconsidered, and the unbalanced Act 3 requires revision. At the moment, the long and remarkable scene between Mittenhofer and his secretary defeats its own ends, and results in a faulty emphasis. It is sad when the ending of a fine work betrays the best things in it.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,642 Set by A. M. Robertson

Competitors are invited to write an imaginary conversation between any of the following pairs: Marlborough and Wellington on Montgomery; Disraeli and Gladstone on Attlee; W. G. Grace and Spofforth on Benaud; Wordsworth and Coleridge on Auden. Limit 150 words. Entries by 22 August.

Result of No. 1,639 Set by Anthony Howard

Trapped in the traffic, we hear, on the way to deliver his get-tough speech at the Hawarden Castle Tory rally, Mr Selwyn Lloyd hitched a lift from a passing motorcyclist (a Labour voter). 'I am the Chancellor of the Exchequer for my sins and I have to make a speech at 5.15.' The usual prizes for the conversation that ensued en route.

Report

Some years ago the present Minister of Housing and Local Government reduced the House of Commons to a paralysis of laughter with some snatches of dialogue said to be taken from a conversation his wife had had in a bus queue. Each time he got to the bit about 'he said . . . she said' MPs started falling about in their seats and rolling in the aisles: no one indeed ever succeeded in hearing the end of the story. But perhaps one has to be a completely dead-pan and quite unconscious Henry Brooke to bring this kind of thing off – or possibly there are some people who are far more comic in life than they can ever be made in legend.

In any case the effort to reconstruct Mr Selwyn Lloyd's recent conversation with his motor-cyclist chauffeur defeated the ingenuity of most competitors. The majority of entrants seemed content to take the competition simply as an opportunity to work off their own resentments. Some latched on to the Chancellor's already published anxiety for the motor-cyclist to go slower – and I particularly liked Bevis's explanation for it: 'to let someone overtake, then we shall have an incentive to catch up'. Two guineas to E. R. Pearce and Miles Burrows; one guinea to Russell Lucas – though he failed to read the competition properly and had his motorcyclist shockingly off course.

CHANCELLOR. (*Showing Gladstone Bag*) Can I put this on?

MOTOR-CYCLIST What is it – a payroll tax? – Incidentally, we can't go as quickly as you'd like – the engine is fundamentally sound but we need to pause from time to time to be able to accelerate later on.

C. Time is of the essence.

M. No doubt, but I can't guarantee she won't get out of control, so show some restraint. If you take risks anything can happen to you.

C. Anything. (*To self*) Governor of Gambia, Head of Wirral Water Board, *Times* leader writer? You're absolutely right, slow down please.
Enough is enough.

E. R. PEARCE

C. I am Chancellor of –

M. Are you from the telly? I thought they'd had to stop that 'People are Funny' programme.

C. I am Chancellor of the Exchequer –

M. Right. I'm Abdul the Bulbul Emir . . . Know anything about Enfields? Put your hands like that. Are you right?

C. (*Recalling Macmillan's attempt to speak in Lancashire accent to Bolton cotton workers*) Reet Grand.

M. Who's taking the mickey? Why the suiting? Swinging a confidence job?

C. Not exactly.

M. Class, eh. Where you going?

C. The Castle.

M. They don't want temporary staff there, you know. They've a Conference on. Tories. Try telling them you're Prime Minister.

MILES BURROWS

M. I go birds on a cool gimmick, man.

C. (*Holding on to his bowler and shouting against the wind*) It's improbable I would have made it without your assistance.

M. Ooooh . . . nervous, man, nervous . . . dig that plummy treb note.

C. Aren't we travelling rather fast?

M. The creeps will go crazy like oooh . . . yeah. That horn stopper, man. Hold it hard, fel, we're gonna sail into the breeze. (*Turns a corner at near 50*) Easy with that weather stick, daddyeo. You nearly spiked my beehive. (*Twists his head around to look at Selwyn*) You shout or jump, man?

C. (*Anxiously*) We don't seem to be going in the right direction. Do you mind pulling up, sir?

M. I got it. I should have known. You're a breather. Cantopation buzz that old Ezra like chick. I go . . . er yea . . . cage me a Prufrock. You're parabolic, man. Breathe out, we're skidding down.

C. Heavens, this is Soho. It's imperative I get to Westminster.

M. (*Slides off motor-cycle. Slinks around Selwyn snapping fingers*) Imperative . . . IMPER-ative . . . oooh. It rhymes sorta way out, fel, but it's marginal. So thin. You sit right there and breathe. I'll belly 'round the fringe.

C. (*Desperate, as he stalks off*) I must find a minicab.

M. (*Follows him, snapping fingers*) That's it, daddyeo . . . that's it. Play it straight. Swing that crazy weather stick. I'm stomping right behind you.

RUSSELL LUCAS

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

I sensed a yawn of fellow-feeling sweeping around the world when the news bulletins reported on Monday that the orbiting Major Titov had overslept. Here was indolence in the grand manner: in the most expensive *wagon-lit* ever, the phlegmatic major snatched an extra ocean and continent of sleep while the automatic instruments fidgeted away and the controllers on the ground doubtless debated whether to rouse him with an electronic shriek or let him lie. And many a man who was late for work or missed his Bank Holiday train to the seaside could be forgiven for thinking that somnolence had been somehow dignified that day.

There was nothing here to suggest that the sleeping had anything to do with that drowsiness which can be induced by nervous tension – the desire for sleep which often afflicts soldiers in the midst of a battle. Titov calmly went to sleep at his appointed time and just as calmly overslept. It turns my mind dreamily to consider sleeping and waking and whether men will ever learn how to do without sleep altogether.

Think of the arithmetical advantages: a sleepless man could do as much in his three score years and ten as a dozy centenarian. Some three or four years ago Academican V. A. Engelhardt of the Soviet Union was speculating about the possibility of identifying the chemical fatigue toxins that accumulate in the cells of the nervous system and of eliminating them by drugs or by electric oscillations applied to the head. In this way, he suggested, our sleep might be curtailed to

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one or two hours. The idea provokes scepticism at a time when the chemical basis of fatigue and sleep is far from understood; but it is interesting all the same.

As everyone knows, there is no sharp boundary between sleeping and waking. A clear picture of the gradations between intense alertness and deep sleep comes from studies of the electrical rhythms of the animal brain. If the cortex of the brain is to respond to sights or sounds or other information from the senses, or if it is to engage in constructive thought, it has to be continually re-activated by electrical pulses radiating from the lower part of the brain. The supply of these pulses is a measure of wakefulness. There is a feedback process whereby the active cortex is stimulating the production of further pulses from the lower brain. Moreover, the lower part of the brain can filter signals coming in from the sense organs, diminishing those which seem to be of no importance and boosting those which arouse the animal 'with a start'. If the brain is bored by monotonous work its self-stimulation diminishes and inattention, dreaminess or sleep ensues.

During a repetitive task the brain can awake and sleep in rhythm with the job. Moreover, we repeatedly take very brief 'naps' without knowing it, even when driving a car, and many accidents are probably due to these involuntary blank pauses imposed by mutinous brains.

Experiments in Cambridge and elsewhere have shown that a man who has been deprived of sleep performs monotonous tasks involving vigilance less efficiently than a man who has slept; but give them both an interesting enough task and the difference in their performance diminishes or disappears. It is, however, far too early to attempt to draw these threads together and to propose any means for keeping people awake and interested for days on end, or artificially encouraging the supply of wakeful pulses in the brain. In any case, whatever the physical possibilities of doing without sleep may be, there are perhaps profound psychological objections.

Hints of them come from experiments on the effects of depriving men of their dreams. A sleeping man 'watches' the events of his dreams, so that his eyes move and an experimenter can detect when a subject is dreaming and wake him up every time he starts. The subjects hate it – not the awakenings but the loss of dreams. Other experiments show that people are little affected by being woken up from time to time when they are not dreaming; but take away a man's dreams and he becomes agitated, irritable and unable to concentrate. After a spell of dream deprivation he will dream much more than usual, as if to make up for the dreams he's missed. We dream much more than we generally realise, for over an hour a night, broken up into four or five periods.

Deprive us of the mental rest of sleep, and we may still be able to solve crossword puzzles or mathematical equations; but rob us, in the process, of our dreams, and Academican Engelhardt's idea might reduce us all to wrecks. Squadron Leader Peter Howard, of the RAF Institute of Aviation Medicine, posed the really interesting question about Major Titov on television the other evening: what did he dream as he slept?

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TAURUS

'A high Bank rate may be prudent at home if demand is too high, but it may attract at some cost to us short-term funds from abroad which are not really wanted. I would add, in parenthesis, that we certainly should not be worried when these funds go away again'.

In April, when Mr Lloyd uttered this gallant parenthesis, the D-mark had been revalued for more than a month and the hot money which made up more than half of the sterling area's gold reserve was already moving out fast. Mr. Lloyd knew; Mr Lloyd, at that time, did not care. The central bankers had reached a secret agreement at Basle, the International Monetary Fund would provide us with a large line of credit: he had all the room he needed for cutting surtax and pursuing other unspecified long-term policies. But by late June, when the Basle agreement had been in operation for only the three-months life of a Treasury bill, Mr Lloyd was feeling less sanguine. Grandma may have underestimated the rate at which the gold reserve would fall or overestimated the willingness of her European cronies to provide unconditional support for sterling. He himself may have misjudged Dr Jacobssen's readiness to bring the IMF rushing to his assistance. In July, at any rate, sterling had to stand on its own, and the gold reserve dropped by £114m – the sharpest drop in a single month since 1951. Without special help, of course, it would have dropped by very much this amount in March, April, May and June as well. But now the special help had unexpectedly dried up.

Mr Lloyd surrendered quickly and almost unconditionally. He got the Treasury to dig the traditional package of short-term restrictions out of its pigeon-hole, and a couple of weeks later, hey-presto!, Dr Jacobssen announced that the IMF, in view of the new measures taken to restore a strong balance of payments position, was ready to place substantial amounts of foreign exchange at his disposal. The IMF credit amounts to $1,500m in nine different currencies (the Six putting up twice as much as the US) and another $500m on tap if needed: it is much the largest credit the Fund has ever provided. But it will only take the reserve, after £200m has been repaid to the central bankers, to much the same level as that at which it stood six months ago before the latest run on sterling began. Even if this final gamble comes off (and the line between a continuing run on sterling and a reflux of hot money will not be easy to draw), it is fair to rub in the fact that the country would have suffered much less if the government had had the courage to make a public approach to the IMF a year ago. As it is, the balance of payments is still in the red, the first result of going into Europe is likely to be a rise in imports, and we have an IMF loan of $1,500m to repay within five years. Mr Lloyd will have to make an early start on the long term policies he likes talking about.

* * *

The average Treasury official does not like the idea of planning. He doubts, among other things, his ability to produce estimates which will not seem to be ridiculously wrong a few months later. And he may be right:

MR MAUDLING (18 July): In the first quarter of this year dividends went up by 23 per cent.

That is far too high by any reckoning whatever.

MR. BARBER (3 August): The figure of 23 per cent . . . was prepared in the Treasury on the basis of company reports analysed in the *Financial Times*. Owing to a mistake in calculation, which I very much regret, this figure was wrong: the true figure is 15½ per cent.

There was, in fact, no need for calculation: the figure of 15½ per cent was given by the *Financial Times* in large type. The Treasury seems to have set out to gross up the net figures to allow for a change in income-tax (which would have been a mistake in any case) and then to have grossed them up the wrong way round.

* * *

The passing of the Trustee Bill drove Mr Lloyd and his measures out of the Stock Exchange last week. Trustees are now free for the first time to invest half their money in equities: a few of them had left orders to buy at any reasonable price as soon as possible: jobbers were quick to take advantage of the situation: and prices rose by 7½ per cent in four days. What happens next is anyone's guess. Company profits were beginning to fall before the Budget, let alone the latest restrictions and the threat of lower tariffs; companies are now rushing to use the Chancellor as an excuse for restricting dividends.

But trustees are an unknown quantity, with an unknown but large amount of gilt-edged stock at their disposal to sell in exchange for equities. At the least, they should prevent prices from falling too far – bar a real international crisis, when everybody should buy (but nobody will) on the annihilation principle. At the most, if a real race to get in first develops, they could try to push prices up to absurd levels; if they push them up far, of course, the insurance companies and pension funds will be glad of the opportunity of unloading their rubbish. A difference is beginning to emerge between the institutional and the private investor's idea of growth. Over the next few years, especially if we go into Europe, the demand for the shares of large, successful companies is likely to exceed the supply, and everybody but the mug at the very end of the queue is likely to make a capital gain. But it is possible that company profits will rise a good deal more slowly than sales in the future and that an equity which yields 2 per cent now will take a good many years to catch up with the 7 per cent (even allowing for a reduced rate of inflation) which fixed-interest stocks offer. To institutions which are concerned with growth of income rather with increase in market prices, this possibility is of some importance. It is important, too, if their brokers give them time to think about it, to the majority of trustees.

Company News

The M2 is to go on, it seems, and the *Rank Organisation*, still diversifying like mad, has secured the contract for the one service area.

The *Steel Company of Wales*, as it expected, has been refused permission to import cheap coking coal from the US.

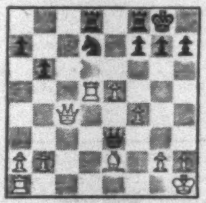
Snia Viscosa, the Italian Courtaulds (in which Courtaulds is said to have a large shareholding) is the latest European stock to get a quotation in London.

United Steel, following a gloomy statement from *Consett Iron* about the outlook and the likely effects of Mr Lloyd, has warned 11,000 men at Appleby-Frodingham that they may soon be on short-time.

The Chess Board

No. 613. The Proof of the Pudding

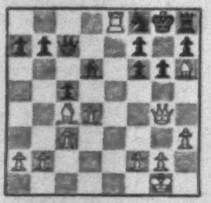
Why, of course, we've got to eat it; and just so, seeking to improve our tactical chances on the chessboard we've got to increase the efficacy of our bits and pieces. It seems quite a truism, but we do try to live up to it from the very moment we open the game by pushing a pawn into the centre and, at the same time, opening up lines for the development of our pieces. Take this position (Rauser-Botvinnik, 1931) and at first glance White, a P up and threatening to double rooks on the Q-file would seem to have the advantage, but see how the one move 1) . . . Ktc5 transforms the position. That Knight squints at e4, and the sequel was 2) Bf3, Ktd3 [threatening a smothered mate]; 3) h3, Rd5:; 4) Bd5, Qg3. It now looks as if Black had a clearly won game, but White still has a splendid tactical chance by Bf7:†, followed by e6 which would force Black to seek a draw by perpetual check. White failed to see it:



5) Rf1?, Ktf2†; 6) Kg1, Kth3:†; 7) Kh1, Ktf2†; 8) Rf2: [Forced since otherwise . . . Ktg4 would be decisive], Qf2::; 9) Bf7:† [Too late now], Rf7::; 10) e6, Rf4:! etc.

I took this from *Ludek Pachman's* 1st vol of his monumental work on chess tactics following the one on strategy. The German translation *Moderne Schachtaktik* is published by *Artia*, Prague, and *Sportverlag*, Berlin, at DM 12. The 455 pages of the book deal with such subjects as the tactical exploitation of one's own and the restraining of the opponent's pieces, transition to the ending and so on. There are a good many practice examples as well as significant and lucidly annotated games: and the examples have been picked from modern grandmaster practice as well as something as venerable as Bird-Steinitz 1866: /r1bqk2r/p1ppbppp/1p6/1Bkt1P3/3Q1P2/8/PPP3PP/RKtB2RK1/. Ignoring the threat of . . . Ktb3 Bird went in for 1) f5!, Ktb3; 2) Qe4, Kta1:; 3) f6, Bc5†; 4) Kh1, Rb8; 5) e6, Rg8. Now ed:† would have won instantly, but Bird managed as well by 6) Qh7:, Rf8; 7) ef:†, Rf7:; 8) Re1†, Be7; 9) Qg8†, Rf8; 10) f7 mate. This is from the chapter on the tactical co-operation of pieces and pawns which contains rather more modern examples too, such as Sliva-Matanovic 1957: /5rk1/pp5p/2p2Pq1/7b/4r1KtR/2Q3P1/PP6/K2R4/. White won by 1) f7†, Rf7:; 2) Kth6†!, Qh6:; 3) Rd8†, Rf8; 4) Rf8:†, Qf8:; 5) Re4:; Qd6; 6) Re1, Bf7; 7) Qa5!; etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced instant resignation by one brilliant move. For 6 ladder-points **B** is a mate in 4, very neat and fairly easy. **C** (for 7) is a draw, remarkable for its temptations no less than for the only winning line. Usual prizes. Entries by 21 August.



A: J. H. Blackburne

B: N. Petrovic 1960: /8/1Q1K3kt/1B6/1k6/16/1P6/8/.

C: H. M. Kasparyan 1953: /k7/3R4/5K2/16/1p6/6r1/8/.

REPORT on No. 610. Set 21 July

A: 1) Rf1†, Kg8; 2) Rf8†, Rf8:; 3) Qg7 mate.

B: 1) Kb2, Ba4; 2) Kc3, Ktd6; 3) d4!, Ktb5†; 4) Kc4, cd:; 5) Kb4, Ktc3: 6) Kc4, Ktb5; 7) Kb4, Ktc3; 8) Kc4, Kte2; 9) Kd3. Bd1; 10) Kd2, Ktc3; 11) Kd3, Kte2; 12) Kd2, etc.

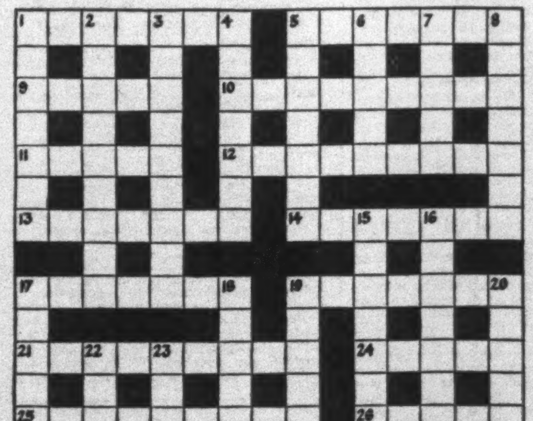
C: 1) Ktg5†!, Kf4!; 2) g7, Ktg6; 3) Kb3, Kg5:; 4) Ka2, Kf4; 5) Ktf6!, Kte7; 6) Ktd5†, etc., or 4) . . . Kh4; 5) Kth6, Kte7; 6) Ktf5†, etc. or 2) . . . Ktf7; 3) Kte6†, Ke5; 4) Kb3, Ke6; 5) Ka2!, Kd6; 6) Kte7!, Kth6; 7) Ktf5†. etc.

Not so easy, but a good many correct solutions. Prizes: J. W. Atkinson, C. H. Brown, R. C. Chaturvedi, S. N. Collings, J. Mitchell.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 470

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 470, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 22 August.



ACROSS

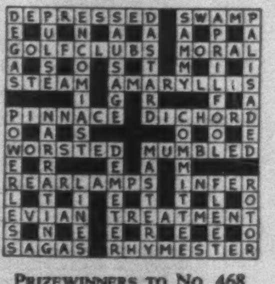
1. Town from broad county (7).
5. Observes that the section reforms (7).
9. Follow in when suet pudding is served (5).
10. Banish reversing vehicles in a part of France (9).
11. Old man about to provide weapons for a city (5).
12. Unrelenting fury in a Norwegian town (9).
13. Not so fair prince (7).
14. One article in the cargo is unpopular (7).
17. Quick to catch a name in the forecast (7).
19. Messenger who has a hesitant expression before the dog in my grasp (7).
21. Number observed without incident (9).
24. A question of us holding a female (5).
25. Serious scrap between devil and insect (9).
26. Shape of empty nothingness? (5).
27. Collapse of Surrey, behind the North in coaching facilities (7).
28. Turned to tread oddly (7).

DOWN

1. Show enthusiasm about Dad's rise, although it isn't so valuable (7).
2. Controls the others with what sounds like controls (9).
3. Choice about the time for medical treatment (9).
4. Someone else takes over when a throne collapses (7).
5. Ancient city in a part of Africa not man-made (7).
6. Something to wear when an animal climbs about me (5).
7. Stick close when caught with a fish (5).
8. Wounded, hurried on without part of the body (7).
15. Plant starting as a weapon (9).
16. Watery home with river snake in the middle (9).
17. Style of dress looking strange on a fish (7).
18. People hold something worthless to be a cure (7).
19. Lizard whose egg is found in open country (7).
20. Produced and gave (7).
22. Weapon for each snake (5).
23. 'This ——, this teeming womb' (*K. Richard II*) (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 468



D	E	P	R	E	S	S	E	D	■	S	W	A	M	P
E	■	U	■	N	■	A	■	A	■	A	■	P	■	A
G	O	L	F	C	L	U	B	S	■	M	O	R	A	L
A	■	S	■	O	■	S	■	T	■	M	■	I	■	I
S	T	E	A	M	■	A	M	A	R	Y	L	L	I	S
■	■	■	■	I	■	G	■	R	■	■	■	F	■	A
P	I	N	N	A	C	E	■	D	I	C	H	O	R	D
O	■	A	■	S	■	■	■	■	■	O	■	O	■	E
W	O	R	S	T	E	D	■	M	U	M	B	L	E	D
E	■	R	■	■	■	E	■	A	■	M	■	■	■	■
R	E	A	R	L	A	M	P	S	■	I	N	F	E	R
L	■	T	■	I	■	E	■	T	■	T	■	L	■	O
E	V	I	A	N	■	T	R	E	A	T	M	E	N	T
S	■	N	■	E	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	E	■	O
S	A	G	A	S	■	R	H	Y	M	E	S	T	E	R

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Further details and application forms from Dr C. W. Dixon, Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, London, WC1.

Last date for applications 31 Aug. 1961.

RAMPTON HOSPITAL, RETFORD, NOTTS

(Special Hospital for Mentally Subnormal Patients)

WHOLETIME CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

Considerable scope for research. Close association with University of Sheffield (Department of Psychology), with facilities to register for Ph.D. Further information from Medical Superintendent. House or quarters available. NHS Conditions and Superannuation applicable. Salary Scale – £790-£1,100 (post-probationary) plus £65 allowance. Candidates may visit hospital by appointment. Applications giving full particulars of qualifications and experience and naming three referees to Medical Superintendent not later than 23 August 1961.

Botleys Park Hospital, Chertsey, Surrey

SENIOR PSYCHOLOGIST

required for vacancy occurring 1 December 1961 at this modern hospital for the mentally subnormal. Recently designed department. Emphasis on rehabilitation of the subnormal, education of severely subnormal children and research on these problems.

Applications to the Physician Superintendent.

ESSEX

CLACTON YOUTH AND DAY RELEASE CENTRE

Old Road, Clacton-on-Sea

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN of this large Centre, which offers day release class facilities in addition to educational, social and recreational activities for youth centre members.

Assistance with removal expenses in approved cases.

Salary scale £1,025 x £35 (5) to £1,200 p.a.

Details and application forms from the Chief Education Officer, County Gardens, Rainsford Road, Chelmsford. Closing date 21 August 1961.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Married Couple, as Housefather and Housemother, required to take charge of mixed Home for 16 children in Chelmsford. Applicants must have previous experience or training in residential work with children. Salary £505-£630 p.a. each plus £30 each if certificated, less £120 p.a. each board and lodging. Apply Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ESSEX

TRIPTONS YOUTH CENTRE, DAGENHAM

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN of this centre which offers formal classes in commercial and craft subjects and recreational activities for approximately 500 members.

Candidates should hold a degree, teaching certificate, diploma/certificate in Social Science or Youth Leadership and must have had experience in teaching or youth work.

Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres viz. £925 x £30 (6) x £20 (1) to £1,125 p.a. London Allowance of £51 or £38 p.a. payable. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduation if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salaries Report conditions.

Assistance towards removal expenses in approved cases.

Further details and application forms obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Gardens, Rainsford Road, Chelmsford. Closing date 28 August 1961.

NORFOLK COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited from suitably experienced married couples for the following posts at The Lodge, Bramerton, near Norwich, a Remand Home for boys and girls accommodating a total of 26. These posts offer interesting and stimulating experience in remedial and assessment work with disturbed and delinquent boys and girls. DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT. Salary scale £715 x £28 – £855 less £135 per annum for board, etc. Must be prepared to undertake elementary classroom instruction and handicrafts, etc., but need not be a qualified teacher. ASSISTANT MATRON. Salary scale £575 x £25 – £700 less £120 per annum. Commencing salaries commensurate with qualifications and experience.

Furnished accommodation is provided, but there is none available for resident officers' children.

The appointments are superannuable and subject to a medical examination. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, 20 Lower Clarence Road, Norwich, to whom completed forms should be returned by 31 August 1961.

F. P. BOYCE,
Clerk of the Council.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

Secretary required for the Social Environment Research Unit, which is engaged in studies of Suburb Life and Work in Edinburgh. The appointment will be for 3 years from this Autumn. The work will include the office administration, normal secretarial duties and some work in handling research data or helping with field enquiries in assistance to the research staff. There is an assistant secretary. Salary between £525 and £600 according to experience, etc. Superannuation Scheme.

Further information from Geoffrey Hutton, 37 Pennywell Rd, Edinburgh, 4.

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HUN. 0676/7.

Member of Employment Agents' Fedn.

THE Workers' Educational Association – Berks, Bucks and Oxon District. Applications are invited for the post of Organiser for the Workers' Educational Association; Berks, Bucks and Oxon District. The successful applicant will be required to live in or near Oxford and to join the Association's Superannuation Scheme. The salary scale is £625 increasing by annual increments of £37 10s. to £925. Further details and application forms, which should be returned by 1 September, can be obtained from the District Secretary, WEA, 42 Wellington Square, Oxford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIAN National University. Chair of Chinese Language. Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of Chinese Language in the School of General Studies of the University. The Chair of Chinese Language replaces a Chair of Oriental Languages which has been abolished on the resignation of the present Professor. A Faculty of Oriental Studies is to be established and will contain in the first instance a Chair of Chinese Language and a Chair in the field of Oriental History. The salary of a Professor in the School of General Studies is £A4,250 per annum. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 8 September 1961.

ST ANN'S College, Incorporated, Adelaide, South Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Principal of St Ann's College, a University Women's residential College affiliated with the University of Adelaide. Applicants shall be graduates of a recognised University. The salary will be at the rate of £A2,000 per annum; in addition full board and a furnished flat are provided. Further information and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Bursar, St Ann's College Inc., 12 Pirie Street, Adelaide, the Agent General for South Australia, 499 Oxford Street, London, W1, or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications giving the information required in the conditions of appointment should be lodged with the Bursar by 16 September 1961.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Lecturer in German. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in German. Minimum qualification is a good honours degree in German and proven ability in the spoken language. This Lectureship is a new post: the lecturer appointed will work with both internal and external students. He will be encouraged to engage in research. Applicants should state whether they seek a permanent or short term (three years) appointment. The latter type is as a rule available only to those who are normally resident outside Australia. Commencing salary will be within the range of £A1,730 x 105 – £A2,435 and in addition a cost of living allowance which is at present £A42 is payable. In the case of a permanent appointment, provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, and assistance in buying or building a house. Short term appointees are allowed travel and removal expenses for the outward journey: for return travel and removal expenses the University contributes up to a maximum of £A400. Further information about this appointment, and about permanent and short term appointments generally, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 25 August 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. Lecturer in French. The University invites applications for the above-mentioned appointment. Other things being equal, competence to lecture on XIXth and XXth Century French literature will be preferred. The appointment will date from 1 January 1962, or as soon after that date as the successful candidate can assume duty. Salary scale: £A1,675-95-2,340, with superannuation on the FSSU basis. The initial salary may be fixed within the scale in accordance with qualifications and experience. General conditions of appointment and a statement about the post may be had on application to the Registrar or to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Any further information desired will gladly be supplied on application to the Registrar. Candidates in the United Kingdom are asked to hold themselves available for interview between 15 and 30 September by Professor J. G. Cornell, who may be in London then. Applications, in duplicate and giving the information listed in the final paragraph of the general conditions of appointment, should be lodged not later than 4 September 1961. One copy should be sent to the Secretary of the AUBC and the other to the Registrar of the University, in Adelaide, South Australia.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Ltd. Education Department. Applications are invited for the post of Sectional Education Officer in the Midland Section with headquarters in Birmingham. The officer will be responsible for development of co-operative education, including member and technical education and the Co-operative Youth Movement. Salary in a scale £850-£1,050; commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Co-operative qualifications and experience will be given due weight. Application form and further details from Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Ltd, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., to whom applications should be returned by 31 August 1961.

CROYDON (Solicitors). Competent managing assistant (admitted/unadmitted) reqd. Busy office. Good salary. Partnership considered for right man. Box 4933.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Chair of History. The University desires to make an appointment to the above-named post from 1 January 1962, or as soon thereafter as may be possible. The salary scale is R4,600 x 200 – 5,400 (£2,300 x 100 – 2,700) per annum. Applicants should state age, experience and qualifications and give details of research work published or in progress. They should also give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1, (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment, including transport expenses on appointment and information on the work of the department may be obtained) not later than 31 August 1961. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, to arrive by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

BBC requires General Programme Producer in Newcastle to work mainly on magazine programmes but to assist in other branches of output. Initially will be concerned only with Sound broadcasting, but opportunities for work in Television should develop later. Marked interest in current affairs essential, some knowledge of music desirable. Applicants must have good educational background, and should have knowledge of the four Northern counties. Broadcasting ability an additional asset. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.359 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse, London, W1, within five days.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd at Kingsbury Child Guidance Centre, Church Lane, NW9. PTA salary & quals. £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Borough Education Officer, 65 Forty Ave, Wembley, returnable by 31 August. Candidates who wish to visit the Child Guidance Centre should telephone COLindale 1137 for an appointment. (Quote G.966 NS).

LONDON County Council. Social Workers required in Public Health Department as assistant organisers of children's care work. Suitable candidates will have opportunity of undertaking case work with problem families. Work involves organisation of treatment in school health service, attendance at school clinics and hospitals and social work arising, close co-operation with voluntary care committee workers and some responsibility for their recruitment and training. Case work with problem families usually prolonged, intensive and aimed to help such families become self-supporting and acceptable members of the community. Preference to candidates with social science training and experience in practical social work. Applications welcomed from married women wishing to return to social work on full or part-time basis. £700-£940 commencing according to qualifications and experience. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/N/2218/8), County Hall, SE1, closing date 28 August.

ABOUT £1,000 p.a. Graduate, aged about 25, wanted for a highly interesting job, with very wide scope, in Publicity Dept of large Engineering Group. Headquarters in W. London. He must be able to write decent English, have at least a feel for engineering, and, with the backing of substantial Publicity Dept, be able to tackle the organisation of Exhibition Displays, Film Shows, Press Days, etc. Some experience of Industrial Publicity is essential. State full details of education, background: Box 4936.

ENGLISH teacher needed immediately for Language School: Cadiz, Spain. Ring GERrard 9441.

PART-time tutors in English required for Continental students. 15 hours weekly. Mornings. Denmark Hill, SE5, area. £4 14s. 6d. per week. Box 4865.

TYPOGRAPHER/Copywriter wanted by Oxford University Press, London, to help prepare press advertisements and other printed publicity. It is a job with considerable scope for the young man or woman who has typographical experience and a real interest in books. Write for early interview. Box 4981.

EDITORIAL assistant, under 40 years old, with qualifications or experience in mechanical engineering required for controlled circulation journal describing new products with industrial applications. Accuracy and the ability to write clear, concise English are essential. Write, giving full details of education and experience, to Box 4929.

EDITOR of Juvenile Books needs really able Secretary. There will be some editorial work, for which training would be an advantage, but thorough secretarial experience is the first qualification. All details, including salary asked, to Box 4914.

SHORTHAND-typists: Temporary, 10-5 p.m. £12. MUSeum 6858.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Administration. The person appointed will be required to undertake research in Social Administration and to assist in the supervision of practical work, as well as in the ordinary teaching duties of the Department. Duties to commence on 1 October 1961. Salary on a scale £1,050 to £1,850 per annum with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 31 August 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker required at Willesden Child Guidance Centre, 22 Brondesbury Villas, NW6. PTA salary & quals. £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. The Centre is staffed by a Consultant Psychiatrist, an Educational Psychologist, 3 part-time Psychotherapists & 2 Psychiatric Social Workers. Adequate secretarial help. Opportunities for long & short term case work. Close liaison with the Health Authority & a developing emphasis on preventive work. Prescribed conditions. Enquiries & appointments to visit, 'phone MAIda Vale 0621. Application forms from Borough Education Officer, Vernon House, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 31 August. (Quote H.20 NS.)

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker or Social Worker (female) required at The Manor Hospital, Epsom, Surrey, to supervise subnormal patients in local wage-earning employment and resident at the Hospital or in lodgings, and to contact and maintain association with prospective employers. Scale of pay for a qualified Psychiatric Social Worker £770 (age 27) rising by annual increments to £1,040 p.a.: scale of pay for a Social Worker £630 (age 27) rising by annual increments to £960 p.a. Applications with full particulars and names and addresses of 2 referees to the Group Secretary within a fortnight of the date of this advertisement.

BOOKKEEPER, trained in up-to-date methods required for small but busy accounts department using NCR machine. Duties include organisation and supervision of juniors. Energetic young applicants with progressive ideas welcome. TU Agreement. Apply: Collet's (Booksellers), 44/45 Museum Street, London, WC1.

LONDON Marriage Guidance Council requires secretary to work in general office. Good shorthand and typing essential. Book-keeping ability an asset. Duties include dealing with appointments. Woman, 30-55 preferred. Present pay £12 per week. LVs. Optional Pension Scheme. Good holidays. No Sats. Work is important, responsible and interesting. Letters only to Secretary, 76a New Cavendish Street, W1.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-Typist required by West End Merchant House. Interesting and responsible position. Commencing salary for senior £700 p.a. 5-day week. LVs. Non-contributory Pension Scheme. Holidays honoured. Write fully to Box 4628.

SECRETARY with good education reqd for Secretary of Institute. Min. speeds 120-50. No Sats. Commencing salary £520-£650, according to age and experience, rising to £815. Apply Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, Ldn, W1.

COLLET'S require the following staff at the head office: Clerk (preferably typist), knowledge Russian; Junior filing clerk; Junior copy typist. All interesting jobs connected with import and export of books. 5-day week. TU Agreement on salaries & conditions. Apply: 44/45 Museum St, WC1.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist reqd in Sept. for Pharmacology Dept at Royal Free Hospital Medical School. Responsible and interesting post; some experience essential. Salary within scale £600-£750 acc. to qualifications and experience. Superannuation: good holidays. Hours 9.30-5 p.m. with occasional Sats. Apply with names of two referees to School Secretary, 8 Hunter Street, WC1.

CHARMING, patient and accurate secretary desperately needed by youngish head of department in fast-growing advertising agency in Mayfair. Very good pay. Please write to Box 4968.

APPLICATIONS invited for interesting post with West End art gallery. Impeccable shorthand/typing, good handwriting, aptitude for figures and knowledge of French an advantage. Box 4890.

SHORTHAND-typist, well educ., capable quickly becoming secy small busy firm Consultants. Start £12 10s. Box 4974.

THE Record Company requires experienced proof-reader, male or female. Only experienced applicants with a wide knowledge of music should apply to Miss Bruce, Personnel Officer, The Decca Record Co. Ltd, 9 Albert Embankment, SE1.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes Street, Hanover Square, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

VERY light post; one lady, no companionship, cooking or rough. In return completely furnished, independent bedsitter, unlimited hot water, pocket money. Suit retired person. Middle Sept. Box 4932.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COPY-typists: temporary, 10-5 p.m. 10 guineas. MUSeum 6858.

GOVERNESS-Housekeeper wanted for serene and happy household, beautiful country home in Cotswold Hills. You may as well know that we are Spiritualists and Occultists, Buddhist and Christian, and we want our children to be taught the Truth. Mother is a medium, Father a healer. We shall sound insane to most who read this advertisement. We want the person to whom we sound refreshingly sane. No crackpots need apply. Excellent salary. Please write in longhand (we are also graphologists) to Box 4811.

DENTAL nurse/receptionist reqd. Experienced. Stamford Hill. Box 4907.

COFFEE Bar, Knightsbridge, requires 3 attractive girls as assistants, full- or part-time. Good salary. Box 4893.

DOCTOR in SE5 requires woman to care for Amanda, 15 months, and Crawford, 2 months. Please tel.: RED Post 2753.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INTERNATIONALLY - minded young woman, BA, expd teaching English to foreigners sks post Sept. London. Box 4839.

EXPD man willing to care for subnormal adolescents or adults. Box 4922.

COLOURED student needs full- or part-time work. Box 4942.

WOMAN (35) with son (3) seeks post of housekeeper in London area. Box 4976.

PERSONAL

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Details from Secretary, 49 Cresswell Place, SW10.

OXFORD history graduate (f.) with 4 years' editorial/sec./research exper. seeks part-time work, London. Box 4793.

MUSICIAN, resuming studies after illness, willing to house & maintain sm. upright piano in return for use. Box 4916.

NOVELIST, young, seeks journalistic-literary work, reviewing/editing etc. Gd knowledge theatre-film world. Box 4920.

DEALER-shy rural teacher, low Burnham, needs to buy reliable family car. Necessity, not status symbol. Box 4886.

QUIET bachelor, Civil Servant, seeks attic, basement or caravan site near London. Box 4859.

PEACEABLE young couple want similar to share beach villa Ital. Riviera, 2 Sept. for fortnight. Maid, frig., bath. Room extra adult or child. SWI. 3762 or Box 4980.

AT any age nothing is more important than the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, Devonshire Street, W1. WELbeck 8017.

YOUNG Author seeks assistance of experienced Ghost-writer. Replies, stating fees, to Box 4848.

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PERSONAL—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

AGRICULTURE and Socialism – immediate issues, far perspectives. 'The Country Standard', quarterly 8d. by post from 27 Bedford Street, WC2. Summer issue 'Farm Wages' by John Hughes.

'ROMEO and Juliet and The Darkness' by Jan Otcenasek, the powerful Czech novel from which the prizewinning film was made – paperback 3s. 6d. (9d. post). Send for our list of Seven Seas paperbacks which includes novels by Maltz, Zweig, Heym, Seghers, Cusack & Polonsky, from 2s. 6d.-7s. Collet's (N16), 44 Museum St, WC1, or 66 Charing Cross Rd, WC2, or through your bookseller.

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TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MANUSCRIPTS typed. Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19 MOU. 6136.

APOLLO Agency: typewriting, duplicating. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

DUPLCTG/Typg MSS. Mod. chgs. Mary Wallis, 13 Sudbury Rd, Halstead, Ex.

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OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Season opens 14 Sept.

Rep. includes new productions of
IPHIGENIE EN TAURIDE
and DIE WALKURE

Subscription booking now open.
General booking opens 15 Aug.

THE ROYAL BALLET
Season opens 13 Sept.

Rep. includes new productions of
DIVERSIONS and
JABEZ AND THE DEVIL

Booking opens 17 Aug.
Tel: COV. 1066.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 16 Aug. 7.15, subs. 8.0, S. 5.0, 8.0. 'Lady Chatterley'. Mems

MERMAID. CITy 7656. O'Casey's 'The Bishop's Bonfire'. 6.0, 8.40.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30 sharp. Thurs. & Sat. 2.30 sharp. Albert Finney in John Osborne's 'Luther'. Transfers to Phoenix Theatre 5 September.

THE Lord Chamberlain Regrets . . . the new revue going to the Saville Theatre 23 August. Book now.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Beer & Skittles! New Edition Melodrama & Music Hall! Londoners should bring their visitors Fri., Sats., Suns. 7.45. Theatre members 5s. p.a.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL
HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
(Monday, 21 Aug. at 7)

Tickets: 9s. and 6s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors only.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THE ESTABLISHMENT
18 Greek Street, London, W1.

Write for details of membership of London's first satirical night-club or telephone GER. 8111. Interested writers or performers should contact
PETER COOK,
Fortune Theatre, WC2.

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' (U) in col. Cond. Furtwangler.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 13 Aug.: 'Jazz on a Summer's Day' (U). From 14 Aug.: Hitchcock's 'The Lady Vanishes' (A).

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday Film Season – Sundays only until 10 Sept. 6 p.m. Soviet Ballet film of Shakespeare's Othello (U). 8.30 p.m. Bolshoi prod. Tchaikovsky's opera Queen of Spades (U). All seats bookable. WATerloo 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S Picasso Pottery, 12 colour postcards, 6d. each, also as greeting cards, from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Artist in His Studio – Photographs by Alexander Liberman. Until 26 August. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s., mems free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

THE ANATOMY OF APARTHEID

Exhibition of photographs at the Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford Street.

Mon. & Tues.	11 a.m.-6.30 p.m.
Wed. & Sat.	11 a.m.-5.00 p.m.
Thurs. & Fri.	11 a.m.-9.00 p.m.

Admission 1s.
Light Refreshments & Bookstall

BRIGHTON
ROYAL PAVILION

Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Relics and Memorial Objects of the Princess Charlotte.

Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

ITALIAN Bronze Statuettes: 15th to 18th centuries. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 1 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues, Thurs 10-8; Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 10-5, Sats 10-12. New London Situation. From 18 August.

STAGE Design in Great Britain since 1946. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Till 26 Aug. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

SMALL Early English Water-colour Landscapes and Water-colours by A. W. Rich, at Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond Street.

UPPER Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London, W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. 'Autumn Choice', open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturdays 10-1 p.m.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Sculpture: Arp, Butler, César, Giacometti, Hoflehner, Laurens, Matisse, Marini, Moore, Picasso, Richier. Until 1 Sept. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art'. Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc. Admission free. 10-5, Sats 10-12.

WADDINGTON Galleries, 2 Cork St, W1. Hilton, Hitchens, Heron, Frost, Yeats, Wynter, etc. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. Old Masters at under £200. 9.30 to 5.30, Monday to Friday.

MOLTON Gallery. Martinez: Sculpture. First London Exhibition 10 Aug.-2 Sept. 44 South Molton St, W1. MAY. 2482.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 21 August. Paintings by Dennis Bowen, Marcelle van Caillie, Daphne Reynolds and Jeannette.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. St John Child, Dorothy Richard, Ann Ryves: Paintings. 31 July-19 Aug. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts. 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ATV's 'Forum', Sunday, 13 August. Motion: The Public Schools are a drag on the nation. Main speakers: Ron Owen and Godfrey Hodgson. Why not join the audience and take part yourself in live programme? Be at the Studios, 98 Highbury New Park, N5, by 1 p.m.

INTERNATIONAL conference 'Opportunities for Peace' 22-27 Aug., Culham, Berks. Residents (£6 10s. incl.) and day visitors. Speakers: Lord Attlee, Robert Jungk, Alhaji Abdulmaliki, Rev. Michael Scott. Bookings etc.: 29 Gt James St, WC1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

COMMON Market – Keep Britain Out Campaign. Next meeting Tues. next, 15 August – Hampstead Town Hall, 8 p.m. Adm. free. Tickets from S. W. Alexander, City Press Newspaper, 80A Coleman St, EC2

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, H. J. Boyden, MP, on 'Reform of Local Government'. 7.30 p.m. Wednesday, 16 August, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

'THE Two Aspects of Mind'. Public lecture. 13 Aug., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

COFFEE and Social Evening – no charge to members. Guests 3s. 6d. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1, on Wednesday, 16 August at 8 p.m.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

RUSSIAN. Beginners' 18-lesson postal course with individual tutorial help, £3. Write Director of Studies, Dept. VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (est. 1894).

A BETTER chance for your child. With GCE behind him, your child has the world before him. Make sure of success with a Mayflower Postal Course; single subjects or complete syllabus. Qual. teachers: low fees. Details free from Mayflower College, Dept N28, Masons Avenue, Croydon.

RUSSIAN language and literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced prep. all exams espec. Degree. Box 4320.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Art Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7 KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SUMMER SCHOOL

LANDSCAPE Painting in Suffolk. Holiday classes for advanced students and beginners. Professional tuition. Send for prospectus. Box 3795.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

WANTED, girl to share super house (4 others) from 23 August; 5 mins Kentish Town Tube. 3 gns per wk. Large bed-sitter. 'Phone Stockland, MEA. 2489.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

ANYONE with young child wanting furnished flat in house with other children and garden? Double bedroom, living room, kitchen/diner; share bath one other. Near park, 5 minutes Hammersmith Tube. £6 per week. Other 3-roomed flat free late Autumn. Box 4879.

OBSERVER writer (m.) sks someone to share lge Blackheath flat. Bedrm, share living rm, kit., bthrm. 3½ gns. Box 4898.

HAMPSTEAD Village. Garden maisonette, sleep 4 adults, 4 children, from now until 11 Sept. HAM. 7890 or Box 4863.

EARLY September: 4 room unfurn. flat, all conveniences, garden. £225 p.a. Hornsey. MOU. 9236.

WC1: 2 rms & kit., share bathroom, semi-furn., newly dec. 5 gns p.w. payable quarterly in adv. Suit young married couple or two graduates. Box 4924.

SPACIOUS, sparsely furn. flat Camden Town to let 26 Aug.-Oct. Box 4934.

OWN bedroom with use of flat. Telephone: FREmantle 7759.

CAMDEN Road. Small, single bed-sit.-rm in newly-opened house. Gas, hot plate & fire. Crockery, cutlery, bed linen, telephone. £2 per week. HOL. 6237 (not Fri.).

SUNNY, s/ctd, single bed-sitter to let. All facils. 6 mins tube. MEA. 2424.

WE are not a bureau. We see every offered flat or room, make private appointments to view, pass details of new accommodation out daily by phone and operate a removal service. PAS, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

BLOOMSBURY: 2 rooms (1 large, 1 small) in pleasant flat for progressive m. 4 gns p.w. Ring MUS. 6533 from 14 Aug.

NW11. Newly converted 2-roomed sunny flat, in house close station and Heath. Fitted kit.-dinette. SPE. 5918.

HAMPSTEAD. Lge rm, part furn. Share kit., bath. 50s. p.w. F. only. PRI. 7917.

FURNISHED Flats all London areas – contact Immediate Home Finder, 94 Oxford St, London, W1. LANgham 9976.

YOUNG man share lge f. flat Hmpstd, own bdr. Share s.r., k., b. GUL. 0492.

LARGE, v. attract. b/sit. in private house, h. & c., c.h. 3 gns. TUD. 8844.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO 2634.

HAMPSTEAD, furnished flat. Young professional man seeks similar to share. £11 per month. Box 4889.

ATTRACTIVE sunshine villas in Spain throughout the year. Write: Fox, c/o Banco de Bilbao, Cartagena.

S. CORNWALL – Beach House, Coverack. Sleeps 8, ideal situation near safe beach, harbour & pub. 15 gns p.w. Write A. Dixon, 38 Grange Rd, W4. CHI. 3012.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

TEACHER (f.) reqs 1-3 rmd flat or b/sit. & kit., furn./unf. Box 4744.

CIVIL Servant and wife seek flat easy reach City. Box 4870.

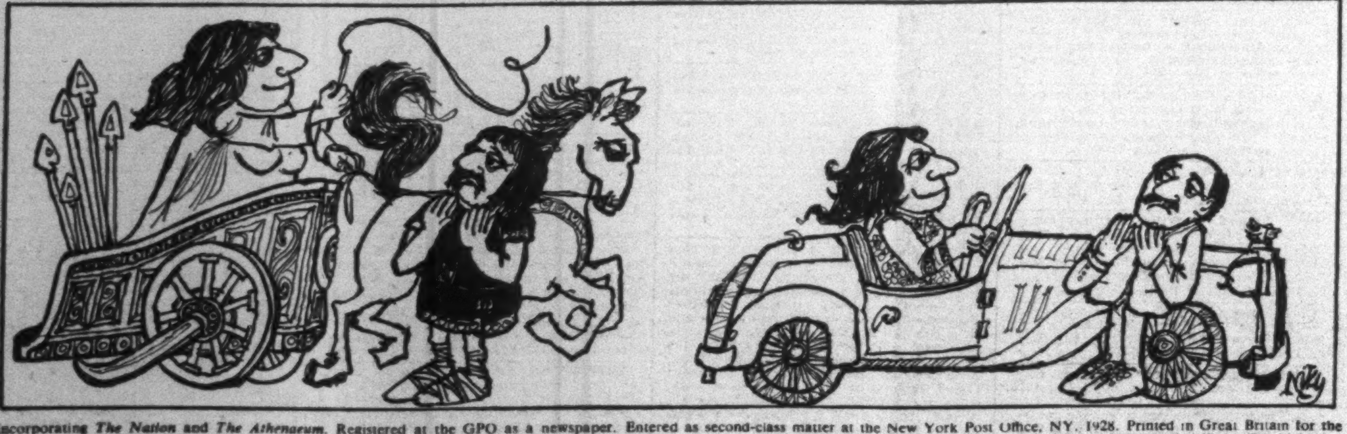
YNG domesticated grad. (m.) sks furn. sgle flat for city. £5. W2, W8, SW1, SW3, SW5, SW7 pref. McGregor, VIC 9252.

NIGERIAN postgrad. student and wife desperately need two-roomed flat. Cooking, etc. Please help. Ring TAT. 9200.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

THE Town and Country School accepts a small group of boarders, boys and girls, from the age of five. Emphasis on Progress in Education, especially in the technique of Modern Language Teaching. 38/40 Eton Avenue, NW3. SWIss Cottage 3391. E. Paul, Ph.D.



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